THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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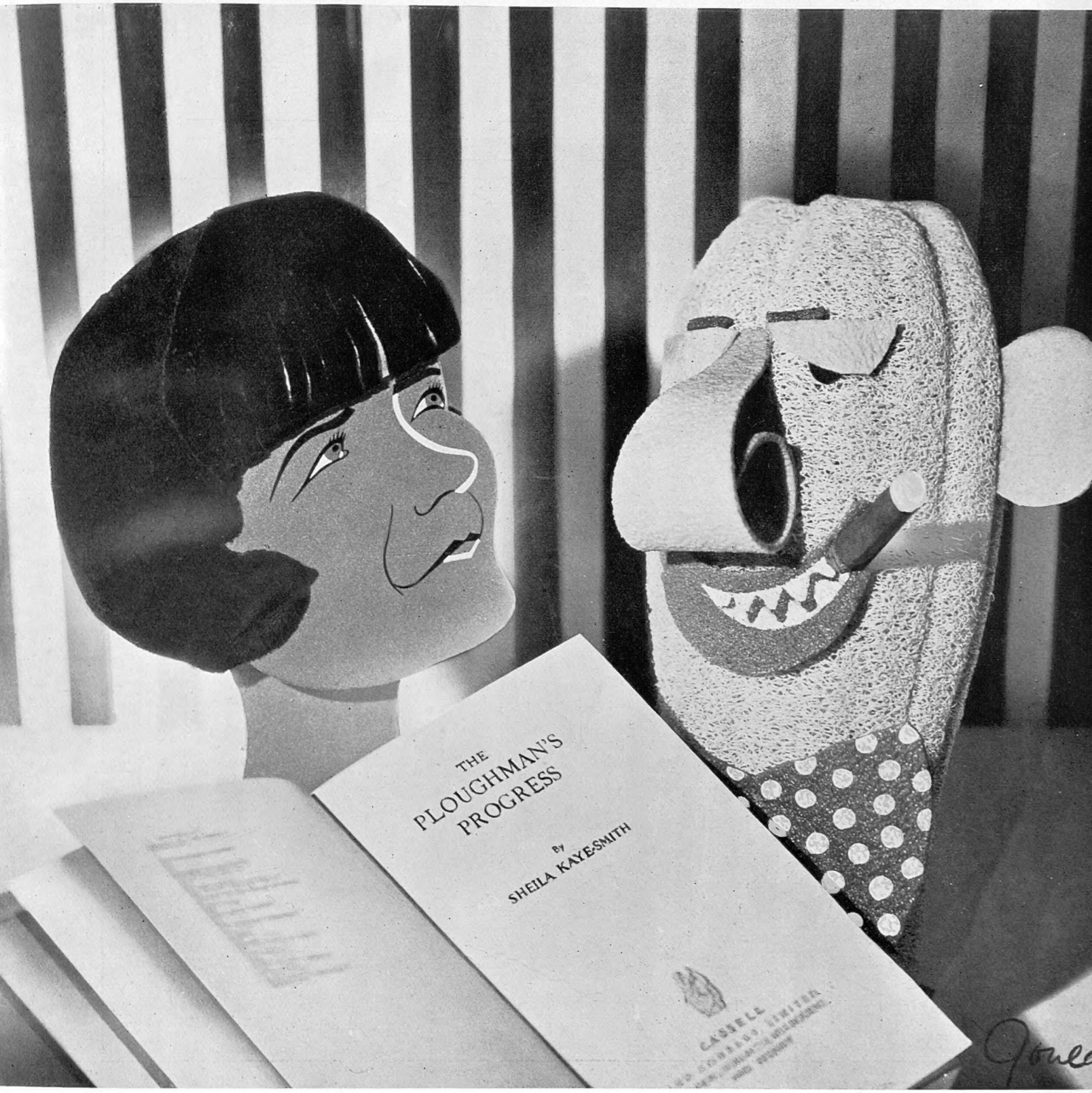
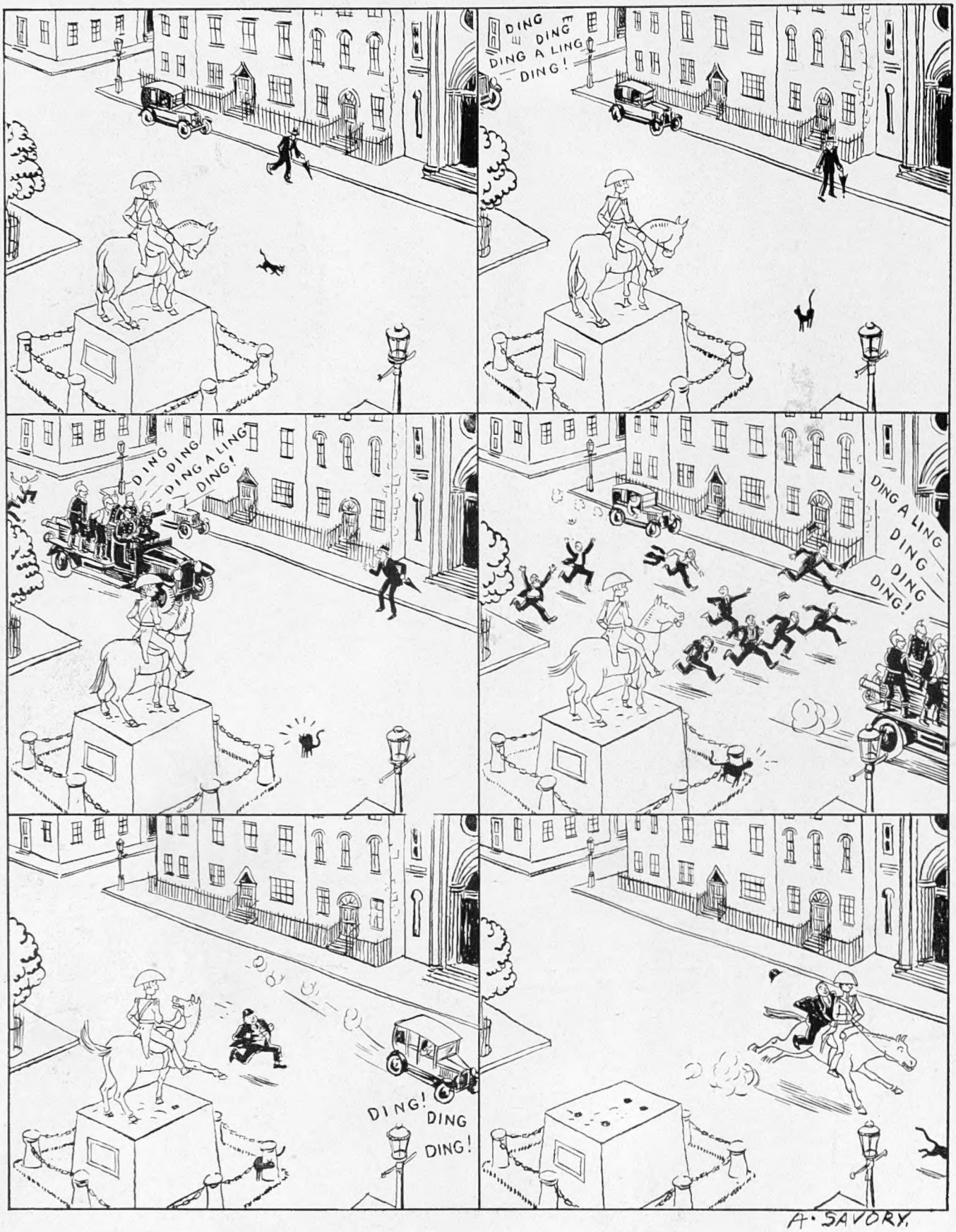


Caricatures by GOULD

"Murderous Marriages": No. 3. Sheila Kaye-Smith and Al Smith

The couple seen united this week by our caricaturist are typical of town and country, for the famous novelist finds inspiration in her beloved Sussex, while Al Smith, of Tammany fame, was Mayor of New York's millions. To secure his likenesses Gould has made use of ring velvet and cardboard in one case, and crêpe rubber, a loofah, and a real cigar in the other. A touch of paint here and there completes the picture


DING DING DING A LING DING!
DING DING DING A LING DING!
DING A LING DING DING DING!
DING! DING DING!
A·SAVORY.

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

"What I Have Said . . ."

IF there 's one thing that 's really unkind, it 's to remind politicians of what they said the day before yesterday. A friend of ours has been spending the last few months doing precisely that very thing; and if we ever have time we 'll try and feel sorry for his victims. The results of his research have been given to the world; and we take the liberty of repeating several here. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, of whom regular readers of our page will have heard before, said in Paris last March 10th: "I am a born optimist." On May 16th he denied such a charge at a Pilgrims' Dinner, and on September 22nd last, at Kilmarnock, said: "I am not an optimist." But he is not alone in inconsistency, we grieve to add. Mr. J. H. Thomas wrote on October 1st, 1932, that the undertaking to regulate meat imports "is intended to mean that the price of mutton and lamb to the consumer will rise." On February 24th of this year he proclaims in the House of Commons that "we must not start any bogies about dear food." Our friend's researches run to 120 pages, so that it is possible to gather quite an adequate idea of the number of times united politicians contradict both themselves and one another. We are inclined, however, after careful perusal of the whole, to award any palms that may be going to our very own Prime Minister, who, in August last, said that what he wanted was great energy. Our dictionary points out to us that "want," used in such circumstances, means "need," and that "energy" stands for "force" or "vigour"; it 's not for us to argue with a dictionary.

". . . and now 'Die Krönung des Zigeunermadchen,' by Smith"

How to Get a Job

OUR daily reading, when we have any time, includes what novelists nearly always call the "Agony" columns of our great newspapers. We don't know why they 're called that for it is only once in a blue moon that they contain any agony. Our attention was called last week to an advertisement which said: "Out of Work? It 's probably because you used inferior notepaper." That at once struck us as being psychologically sound, and we think we ought to start a big campaign in South Wales and Durham—for a start—to induce coal-miners to buy their stationery in Bond Street. The idea might spread, with some encouragement, and we recommend it to Savile Row, and even to the makers of our smartest motor-cars. We 're very impressed when men in Rolls-Royces apply to us for a job. They always get one.

Grumblers All

AT one time we used to collect items from the Agony column, and once, when we were interested in the question of Road *v.* Rail, we ourselves put in an advertisement asking readers to send us any complaints which they had to make against the railways. We got over 10,000 replies in two days, so we didn't advertise again. We had the replies analysed,

" I haven't eaten for three days, Sir "
" Come, come, you must force yourself ! "

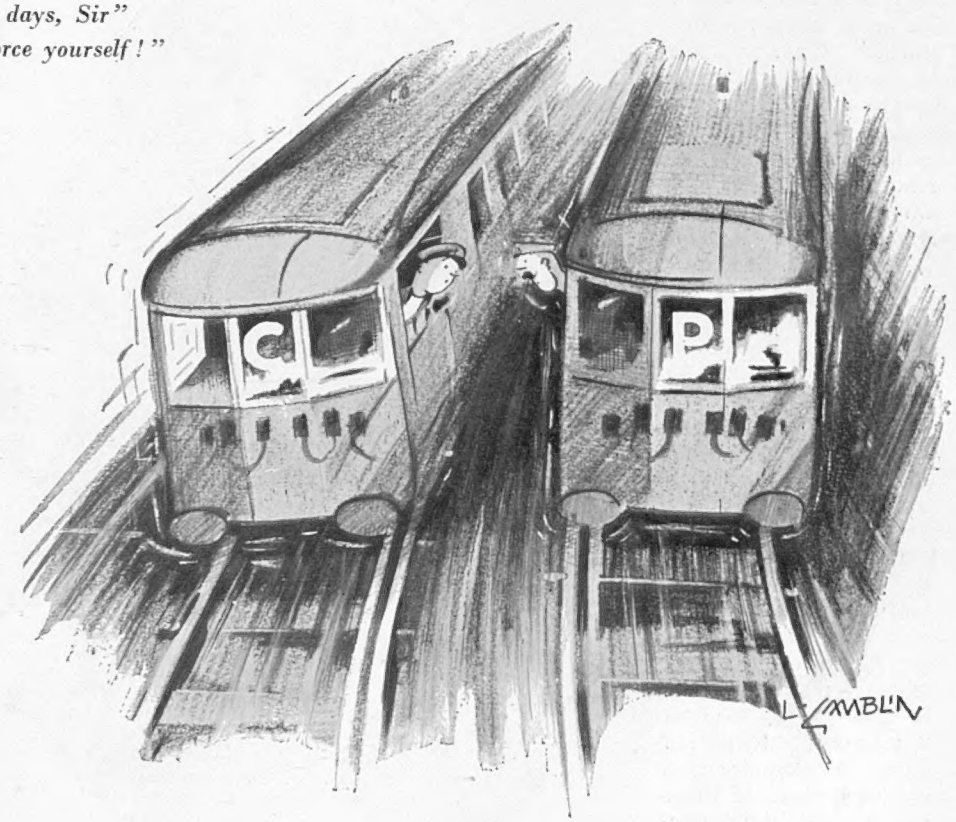
and found that sixty per cent. of them came from people who lived in the South. And we had one from Westmorland, from a lady who complained that a man had brought a sheep into her carriage. We investigated the complaint, but when we tried her out we found she was always finding sheep around, although no one else ever saw them.

What Paris Thinks

WE had to go abroad last week, so we flew to Paris, where we dined with a politician who is related to Colonel Dreyfus, of the famous Dreyfus case. Colonel Dreyfus still lives in Paris, and although he is still an object of abhorrence to a large number of persons in France, he is, in reality, a harmless old gentleman whose only fault was that, by his zeal, he incurred the jealousy of a number of his colleagues. The old gentleman is very keen on art and literature now, and runs a salon at which it is possible to meet most of the worst young writers in France. We were taken to see him once, although we 're not literary, and we found him looking like a healthy baby wrapped in cotton-wool. This time we only saw his relative, who will, we are prepared to bet, one day be Prime Minister of France. He tells us that everyone in Government circles is terrified that they will all wake up one morning and find Paris has been bombed. We think that, in similar circumstances, we 'd wake up during the night. He also tells us that the rumour now going round that, in event of war, the Government would move to Vichy is quite true, but that it 's not true to say that the reason for the move is so that they 'd be a jolly sight nearer Geneva. Because they wouldn't. Frenchmen think we 're all pro-German, but, as he was forced to admit, Frenchmen always think anyone who doesn't entirely agree with them is pro-German.

Vin du Pay

PARIS, we are glad to say, is not what it was. The few Americans who are left are so busy watching the dollar slip that they 've no time even to drink their tomato juice. We met an American in a bar who invited us to go around with him to his hotel and have a " real " drink. We accepted. When we got into his room he locked the door, and then dragged a case of gin from under his bed. He told us that he didn't trust the " frog's liquor," as he didn't know a bootlegger in the whole goddammed town, so he 'd slipped one over on them by bringing over twenty-four quarts of bath-tub gin from his own man in Rochester, New Jersey ! He was in the drink business, too. He 's in Europe to buy port, and he told us he 's hired the noisiest publicity man in the States to popularise iced port as an apéritif. He thinks his countrymen are nothing but a bunch of suckers, and that iced port will become so popular that he 'll soon be as rich as



" Am I right for Croydon ? "

Al Capone was one time 'way back. We asked him what he thought of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but he only said: "Hell! That sap! He's so dumb he wouldn't know what to talk about if he had an operation." We drank another bath-tub gin and went our way. No, we didn't go to the sale of Jenny Dolly's jewels: we didn't feel like having a grand and glorious cry.

Getting Their Own Back

IT only just shows. It's like this. Foreign newspaper correspondents over here are proud and pleased when anyone in this country commits one of the particular crimes with which we are always charging other countries. To Chicago newspaper-men in London, "Firebug" Leopold Harris was a God-send, and we've been looking at Chicago newspapers issued while the trial was on. It was splashed all over the front page as a come-back at all our stories about gangs and racketeering in Chicago; and, boys, were they glad to have a crime story in which agents, insurance men, and all the others were getting a cut from the Harris melon? This week we have another instance. A German newspaper-man we know called us up and told us he was cabling a story about the censorship of British papers, and could we tell him about Lady Houston and how her paper came to be banned? We pointed out that the censorship in Germany was not confined to one agent refusing to handle one edition of a small paper, but he said it was the principle of the thing. When our friends start telling us it's the principle of the thing, we always ring off. In this case we didn't; we merely told him what he wanted to know about Lady Houston. Three days later he showed us his paper. We read the article, and we gather that every newspaper in England is rigorously censored every day. As we said: It only just shows.

Oswald and His Boys

WE made a trek out to Ealing some few nights ago to hear the "Leader" give one of his speeches, Leader being Oswald Mosley. We were impressed by the crowd of boys he brought along with him, and by his power as a speaker, but what he said left us and the audience so cold that if anyone had come around selling mufflers, he'd have done a roaring trade. "Fuhrer" Mosley had a body-guard nearly as large as his

THESPÆANS

No. 9—The Barrymores

As the sunlight compares with the candle,
As the rosebud compares with the weed,
As the savant ranks over the vandal
And the peach has more charm than the swede;
As the grace of the bounding gazelle is
Far greater than any sow's walk,
As the bombe suprise ranks above jellies,
So the Barrymores rank in New York.

Oh, Lionel, Ethel and John!
Oh, Thespian deities three!
America proudly regards you
As Broadway's most famed family.
Oh, Barrymores — pride of the Talkies
And joy of the Theatre as well,
Can I EVER do credit to you three?
Can I, J.? Can I, E.?
Can I, L.?

As estates of a J. Pierpont Morgan
Compare with this poor poet's home,
As the full-throated voice of the organ
Can drown tissue-paper and comb,
As the scent of the rose-laden bower
Ranks over the smell of roast pork,
As the Flood would reign over a shower,
So the Barrymores reign in New York.

Oh, Lionel, Ethel and John!
Triumvirate lordly in fame,
How CAN I pay tribute to you,
The Thespian crème de la crème?
Though my Muse is a hard-working damsel
Who serves me both fondly and well,
Can I EVER do justice to you three?
Can I, J.? Can I, E.?—
Can I, 'ell!

B. W.

"Yes—but it must be this shade"

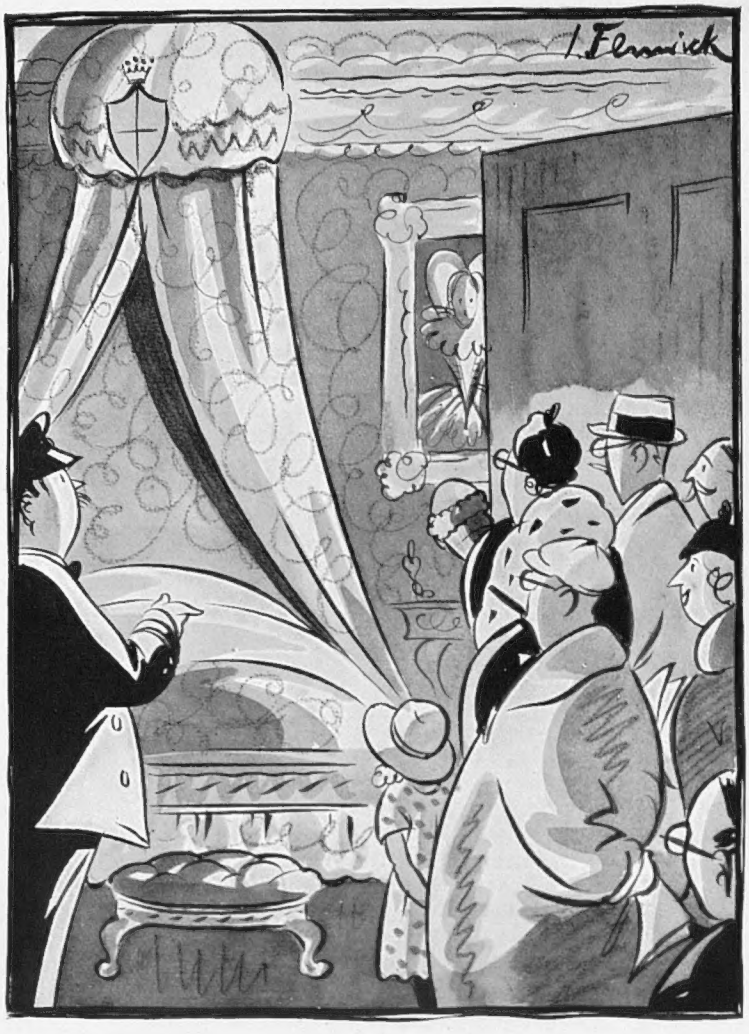
audience, standing in rows up every aisle, and so numerous were they outside the hall that they even tried to stop people going into neighbouring buildings. We jotted down some of the orator's remarks, knowing you 'd be glad to hear them. " We 'd be very pleased for people to carry on liberal-minded activities in a geological museum " evoked much laughter from an audience otherwise very solemn. When invited to substantiate a statement that thousands of foreign Jews had come here to deprive Englishmen of work, Sir Oswald could only say : " What about the Universities ? " Great fun was had by all at the end of the meeting when Communists, Fascists, Labourites, and Four-Square Gospellers all tried to hold a meeting at the same time in the street. When the excitement was at its height, doors burst open and Headmaster Mosley strode into his car while the boys sang " Land of Hope and Glory." No, there was no fairy Prince and no chorus in pink tights : not even a Demon Kill-joy.

Funny Little Ways

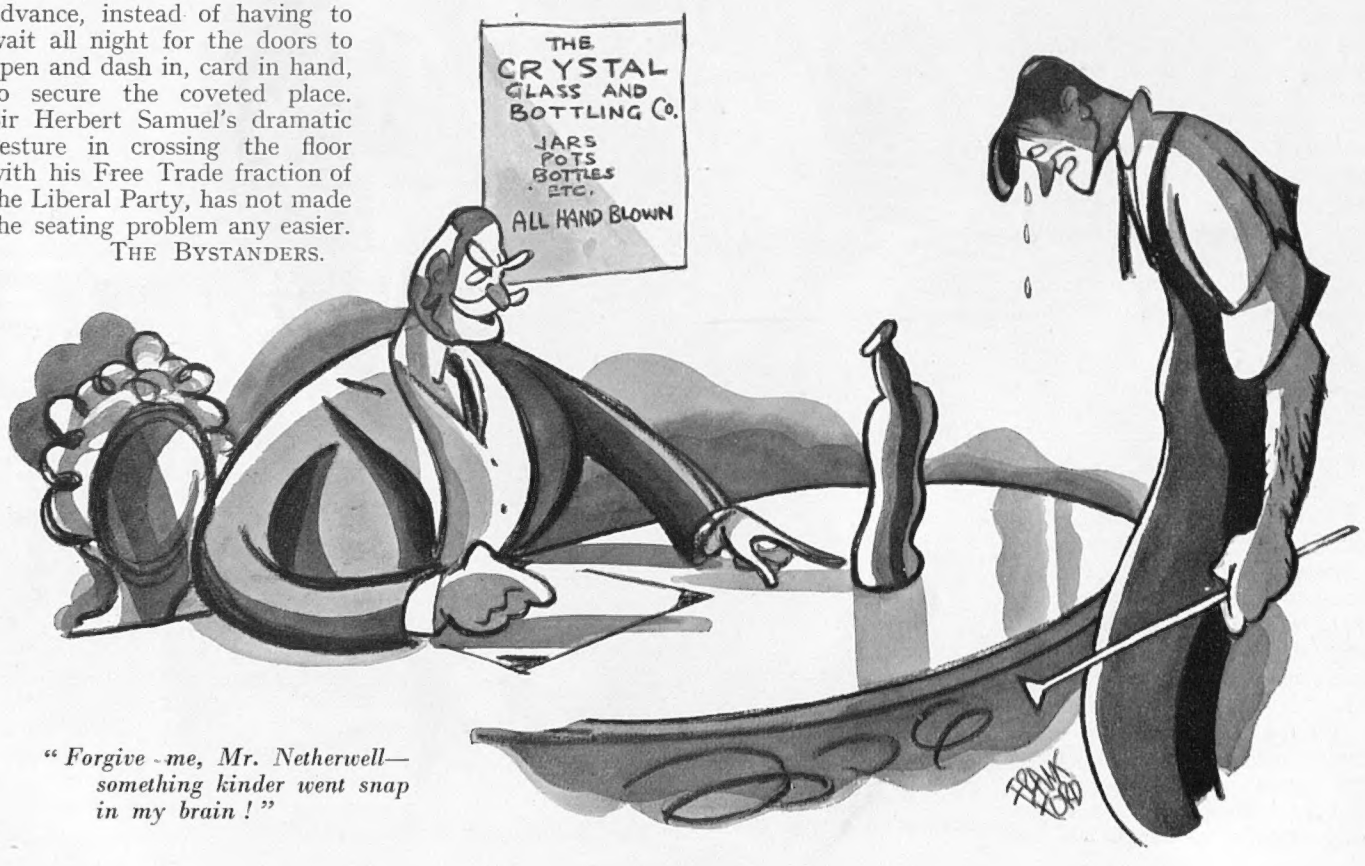
WE have a profound respect for Parliament and its procedure, but sometimes a doubt crosses our mind whether this procedure is absolutely business-like. Only a week or so ago Members re-assembled at Westminster for a few days, but only to finish the doings of the Session, and then adjourned for an interval before starting a new one. Why the Session could not have ended when the House broke up previously and come back to work without a break, may be crystal clear to M.P.s, but it leaves the ignorant man-in-the-street somewhat puzzled. Perhaps the versatile Mr. A. P. Herbert might turn his attention to this as well as frightening M.P.s out of their lives by suggesting that they are liable to prosecution for drinking out of licensing hours.

Another little matter which causes us, as well as M.P.s, sleepless nights is the difficulty they experience in securing seats in the House on which they have set their hearts. Surely a cue might be taken from the modern theatre, where all seats are bookable in advance, instead of having to wait all night for the doors to open and dash in, card in hand, to secure the coveted place. Sir Herbert Samuel's dramatic gesture in crossing the floor with his Free Trade fraction of the Liberal Party, has not made the seating problem any easier.

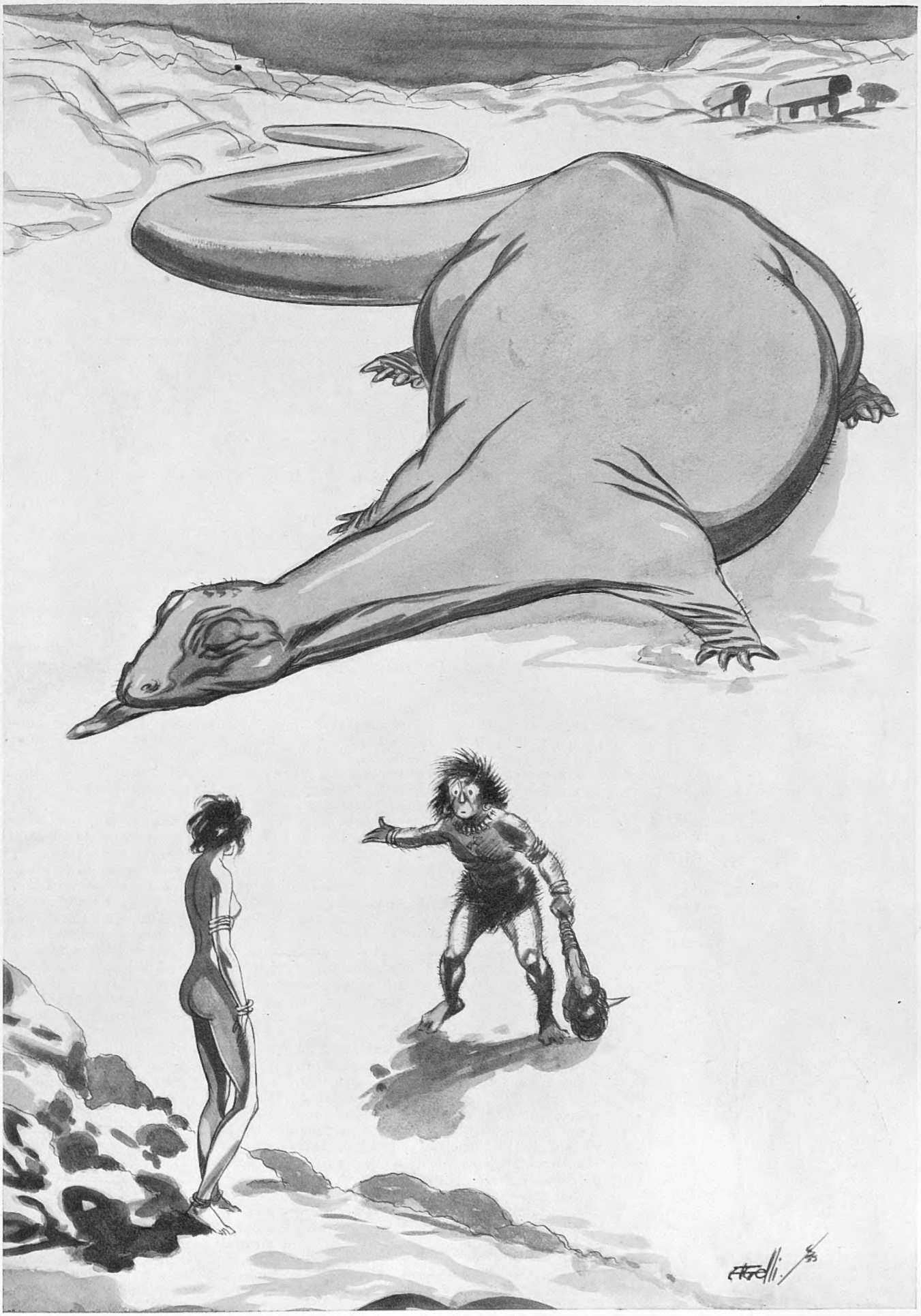
THE BYSTANDERS.



" We are now in the servants' quarters "



" Forgive me, Mr. Netherwell— something kinder went snap in my brain ! "



"I Know, Dear, but it's our Fish Day"

The week-end guests depart with more speed than politeness from Cookham. Richard Greatham (Alan Napier), Jackie Coryton (Ann Trevor), Sandy Tyrell (Hargreave Pawson), Myra Arundel (Joyce Barbour).

"Hay Fever," at the Shaftesbury

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches of "Hay Fever" and "Please!" by Rouson

"Night Club Queen" (Playhouse)

WHEN you've written a play like *While Parents Sleep*, which simply won't stop running, it shows enterprise to abandon slap-and-tickle (plus a little rudery the others didn't dare) and launch out into anything so complex as the dual life of Mrs. Smith of Streatham, who was a good wife and mother by day and a restaurant-keeper by night. I'm grateful to Anthony Kimmins for not playing the old theatrical trick of giving us the mixture as before. In *Night Club Queen* he has tempted fortune with another hook, and as one of those fastidious fish that don't fall for this kind of artificial bait, I salute the angler for his courage.

Aside from such set-backs as irrelevant padding, mixed methods, and an arm of Coincidence long enough to reach from Jermyn Street to Jerusalem, this play has one of those magazine-story plots that always give me a pain. I just can't do with the suburban drudge who makes her hack of a husband look silly by writing the novel of the century in her spare moments.

One day the poor man, whose own books aren't selling at all, goes to a literary tea-fight to meet the author of the hour. Everyone is there—the Prime Minister, Michael Arlen, Lord Castlerosse. "And now," says someone, "meet Japonica Pilbeam." You know the rest.

I don't believe that a paralysed husband in a wheeled chair could be bundled off to bed every night at nine, so that his wife could skip off to her night-club and earn money for an extravagant son, without wanting to know what the hell. But this piece is all like that, even down to a pretence that the boy got his pocket money from a non-existent Aunt Emily. And, would you believe it, the daughter of the rich K.C. his mother wants him to marry, turns out to be the B.B.C. crooner he's in love with! I need hardly say that the girl's people had no idea she sang down the microphone or performed in cabaret. Queer things still happen in Mr. Kimmins' world, while parents sleep.

O. B. Clarence is in form as the testy invalid who writes powerful bunk for the Sunday Press. S. J. Warmington, as the family doctor, makes good in a poor part; and Edith Sharpe moulds Mrs. Smith in clear and sympathetic relief. Aubrey Mather pleasantly purports to be a scoundrel from Yorkshire; and Betty Frankiss, as the radio star, sings well the sort of cabaret songs that the patrons of the Paris Plane Night Club deserve. This haunt of whoopee got raided by the police for selling drinks after hours. Its real crime, I thought, was not booze, but boredom.

Judith Bliss (Constance Collier), the hostess, and one of the reasons why her guests departed so hurriedly from her Cookham home. She, her husband and her two children had brought rudeness up to the level of so fine an art, that the guests might really be excused from not standing upon the order of their going

"Please!" (Savoy)

It's a long time since anyone invented a new crack for revue. Time was when ragtime was hurled at us over a gang plank and a compère and his mate did their best to chase the ghost of a plot through relays of lavish scenery. But that's all too, too pre-war. Even then the "intimate" revue was soon to be born and since its birth we're still getting what fun we can from the triple formula of song-dance-sketch. *Please!* is a typical Charlot mixture of the pretty little ballet scene, the sentimental duets (with dance), the thumb-nail sketch which blacks out, preferably on a note of blue, and is either a wow, or a washout, and, of course, the line of nimble chorus girls who wear less and dance better as the years roll on.

Please! is a one-girl show, revolving with the customary motions around the insouciant art of Beatrice Lillie. As soon as I try to analyse the peculiar fascination of Miss Lillie I get involved in all manner of mixed metaphors. Things like the coolness of cucumbers, school-girl complexions, dignity and impudence, green olives and dry Martinis, crop up and are dismissed as inadequate. When this comédienne burlesques a French diseuse, an operatic barmaid, a musical-comedy prima donna, or a red-hot momma, her victims wither away at the merest slant of an eyebrow, the least arch lifting of a finger. Miss Lillie's irresistibility springs from under-emphasis: her armour is strongest because, bar a smile and a retroussé nose, she doesn't seem to bother to wear any.

You must see *Please!* because its Alpha and Omega is back in town after a long and regrettable absence, and because I have never seen her in better form. With Lupino Lane to tumble and Frank Lawton to sing nervously and dance pleasantly, the support is adequate. And it is one of the blessings of revue that the bits which are so-so are soon over.

TRINCULO.

Right: Lupino Lane as Klondike, a woolly man of the Wild West, in a sketch called "'Frisco Fanny," in which the name part is played by Beatrice Lillie, who picks up the short Lane who does a lot of turning

'Frisco Fanny's Find

Below: Reginald Smith, as a typical stage schoolmistress, takes a few typical stage flappers for a promenade in the park, while Beatrice Lillie and Frank Lawton are making innocent whoopee

"Please!" at the Savoy: Beatrice Lillie and Frank Lawton in "Hoops"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 26. Ivor Novello

Potted by Charles Gay: Caricatured by Sirra

I HAVE always thought that if Ivor Novello had been produced by C. B. Cochran he, too, like Noel Coward, could now refuse to give interviews to the newspapers, which is the ultimate pinnacle of fame for people in the show business. He is just as good-looking, in a brunette way. He can compose music, write plays, act, and sing. Moreover, he is very good on the talkies, as his performance in *I Lived With You* proved conclusively. Whereas I cannot remember Noel Coward on the screen at all.

Ivor Novello is about seven years older than the author of *Cavalcade*. He has a dazzling, boyish smile and an extraordinary charm which he can turn on like a tap. He has a rather theatrical turn of conversation, but who can blame him when he has lived in a flat on the top of the Strand Theatre for twenty-one years? Underneath his ease of manner one can, however, detect a pleasant nervousness, which expresses itself by sudden switches into imitation Cockney, Italian, or French. When I asked him how much "Keep the Home Fires Burning" made for him at the age of nineteen, he said, "'Keepo de homa de fire burning?' Oh, about seventeen thousand pounds."

ANOTHER of his early successes was "The Little Damozel." He wrote it when he was fifteen, and it is still screamed by sopranos all over the country. That is how he began after being a chorister at Magdalen College School—he studied music at Gloucester and wrote songs and ballads, like "Not Really" and "Spring of the Year." His grandparents, you see, were Welsh revivalists, and his own father and mother used to talk Welsh at home. No wonder he reacted so readily from religion to the stage. For he is a pagan, with the pagan's love of beauty at all costs.

Ivor Davies (his real name) is pure Welsh, which is strange, considering his height. He is devoted to ice cream all the year round, smokes incessantly, and has a passion for gramophones, of which he has owned forty-six. His favourite composers are Gershwin and Wagner. So far he has written ten plays, of which only two have been flops. At the moment there are three of them running in London—*Proscenium*, *Fresh Fields*, and *Sunshine Sisters*.

I asked Phyllis Monkman about him. "Ivor is a love and a lamb, and terribly kind," she said instantly. "I have never heard him be catty about anyone, and he never forgets a thing." Then I asked Novello himself. "I have a passion for bathing-pools, and I adore redecorating my flat every year," he said. "When I went to America I was both lazy and anxious. I am still very lazy about my clothes, which I wear for comfort. High-necked sweaters are such a joy, aren't they? You don't have to wear either collars or studs. But Hollywood gave me a lot of confidence, and I came back what is known as a different boy."

Yes, Ivor is a handsome, pagan, brilliant, bizarre creature who is either too proud or too foolish to explain himself when he is misunderstood.

Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, Mrs. C. V. Whitney, and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe seen at the United Hunts Association meet held at Belmont Park, New York

Racing in the Midlands

Miss Neilson and Miss Hargreave, two of the many spectators who were present at the recent Warwick Race Meeting, which is always a popular event, and much patronised by the county

A Racing Reverie

The Season Ends

By "Regular"

THE flat-racing season is dead, and, as after the demise of a near, but not necessarily dear, relation, one endeavours to recall only the pleasant memories, and overlook those occasions when she treated us badly and we couldn't bear the sight of her.

SPEAKING personally, I found the late lamented most trying in her declining weeks, when, quite frankly, she cost me a packet, and when the happy release occurred at Manchester last Saturday, I breathed a sigh of relief, and made several dates with her ugly sister, Jumping, for next week and the week after.

So difficult had I found old dame Flat-Racing, that on the week before she left us I gave her a miss, and went to Cheltenham. I cannot pretend that my new-found love treated me very kindly, but it was a relief to be able to reiterate once again the time-worn axiom: "If he hadn't fallen he'd have trotted in."

CHELTENHAM looked very beautiful in the autumn sunshine, and the Comtesse de Pret Roose and her sister, Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham (both of whom had runners), several Lygons and Ashley Coopers, Miss Zara Deuchar, and Miss Peggy Campbell made it seem more beautiful still.

I WISH we had more jumping owners like the Comtesse de Pret Roose and Mrs. Smith-Bingham. They contrive to spend a great deal of their time in association with horses without getting to look like them—an almost unique feat, in my experience.

THE racing lacked distinction, the most praiseworthy performance being that of Gerry Wilson, whose mount, Glenhazel, took a "belly flopper" into the water jump. Wilson calmly swam him to the nearest bank and, on reaching dry land, went in pursuit of the leaders, and, catching them before they jumped the last fence, went on to win by six lengths.

OTHER fine bits of riding were Billy Speck's effort on Irish Lord (Speck is now always called The Organiser), and Ted Leader's unavailing effort on Czarowitz. I do hope that, for the remainder of the jumping season, my friends will refrain from coming up to me and, in a hoarse whisper, revealing the stupendous news that there 's only one tryer. Do, please, pick on someone else for these confidences, I 'm not rich enough.

JUST as if racing wasn't sufficiently difficult, a Mr. Snow has hit on the delightful little idea of calling all his horses Dela—something or other. One of the Delas won a race and the other was second. For the life of me, though, I can't remember which was which, and I presume this is precisely what Mr. Snow intended.

LONDON and its suburbs availed themselves in no half-hearted fashion of their last chance of seeing Lord Carnarvon and Gordon Richards in action before next March, and turned up at Lingfield in force. The hero worshippers, however, returned only partly satisfied, because, although Gordon scored twice, on Lady Madcap and Home, his Lordship failed to hoist a winning flag.

THE bumper race was won by that enthusiastic sportsman, Squadron-Leader Ridley, on Mr. Robert McAlpine's Spaniard. The Squadron-Leader is one of those hardy folk who much prefer a race which entails the leaping of a number of formidable obstacles. I have never been able to understand this form of heartiness, and I know of a number of amateur riders who feel the same way as I do. However, it only goes to show—"Some likes apples and others likes onions."

WARWICK Races were lent distinction by the presence of a new Countess of that ilk, who had stepped down from her neighbouring Castle to view the sport. Marriage obviously agrees with Lady Warwick, as it does with Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was also present.

THE County patronise this most enjoyable meeting very freely, despite the strong counter-attraction of the hunting-field. Mr. Thomas managed things particularly well by hunting in the morning and by racing (still in breeches and boots) in the afternoon.

"YOU know everybody on a racecourse," one of my million readers exclaimed to me the other day. Needless to say, I bridled at the compliment, but I had to confess that it was undeserved, for never, to my undying shame, had I met Mr. S. Hanley, and yet more shaming still, I had never met his wife, Mrs. S. Hanley.

AT Warwick the Hanley's ran a horse called Tamarix, and no one had heard of that either, for our Form Books showed that it had never run. This didn't stop it winning in a trot, however, and the Hanleys brought off one of the best-laid coups of the season at the very jolly price of 10 to 1. It was not till much later in the day that we learnt that, although Tamarix had never run in England, he had often done so in France, where he had won good races.

GORDON RICHARDS, or the little mechanic with a super-charger, brought off his daily double on the second day, which put most of us in a better temper. I am always pleased to see Eric Stedall win a race. With a modest stable of horses, he has done remarkably well.

STEDALL'S winner, Duncooler, completed Gordon's double, after Shove Halfpenny had looked all over a winner. Gordon ably demonstrated that you can wait just as efficiently on this fast course as you can anywhere else, and it is no exaggeration to say that he was travelling exactly twice as fast as Shove Halfpenny at the finish.

I WILL conclude by telling you once again that if you are drawn a high number in a sprint race at Warwick, your horse might just as well be in his stable with the door shut, and you yourself in bed with the blinds drawn.

Looking

Lords and Commons at the Londonderry Reception

Swaebe

The Marchioness of Londonderry's pre-Session receptions at Londonderry House are now as traditional as this last one was comprehensive of all shades of pro-Government opinion. "Among those who accepted invitations" were enough important people to fill a closely-printed column and a half of the "Times." (1) Some of the guests are watching others move slowly up the wide and crowded stairs to greet their hostess and the Prime Minister (2) Lady Serena James and Lady Betty Butler

Prosecutor and Executant

(3) Sir Percival Clarke, the Public Prosecutor, talking to Daphne Walker, a nine-year-old skater, who had just given an exhibition at the Queen's Ice-Skating Club, Bayswater

(4) Miss Irene Mann-Thompson dancing with Mr. Kari-Davis at the Café de Paris. (5) Another view of the Café de Paris on extension night: the Hon. Henry Hindlip, Lord Hindlip's brother, and Miss Ulrica Thynne

(6) Mrs. G. H. Lewis and Sir Frank Boyd Merriman were two of the guests at the Ski-Club of Great Britain's dinner, at the Café Royal

They Spoke of Ski-ing

at London

Mayfair, Westminster and Bayswater

To wear evening dress and tiaras on a grey November morning takes some doing, but most of the peeresses who attended the Opening of Parliament last week did it very well. (9) Lord and Lady Belper were there to hear the King's Speech; (10) the Earl of Carrick escorted his attractive American wife, and (11) the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava (right) was with Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley. (12) Mrs. Gerald Wellesley took her son, Robin, and Mrs. Lex Wilson took her daughter, Anne, to see the King and Queen arrive in their State coach

First-Night Faces

(7) Mrs. Edward James (Tilly Losch) and Mrs. C. B. Cochran arriving at the first night of the revival of "Hay Fever," at the Shaftesbury

A Grosvenor Square Film-Party

(8) Mr. and Mrs. Jack Courtauld were host and hostess at their house in Grosvenor Square for a private film show in aid of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology; with them is Mrs. Weber Brown

Waiting to see the King Drive By

Going Out to Goings-On

"The Bystander" in Society

PARLIAMENT must take pride of place for once: not for what it does itself, but for the fact that it opened officially last week, and that, in some way connected with this event, Lady Londonderry gave a reception at Londonderry House. At the opening ceremony we saw ambassadresses, duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and viscountesses all looking as such. It would be a pity to pick out any special one, because some of the others might get jealous. Just let us state that sun-ray tiaras and velvet were well to the fore. There being only a thousand or so guests at Londonderry House, a list of "good names" should be easy. Yet not all those names which featured in the next morning's "dailies" had been represented by their owners. I can vouch for Sir Harry and Lady Preston, for I saw them leaving the Piccadilly Hotel to say a few words to the Prime Minister.

ALMINA LADY CARNARVON'S lunch at the Ritz for Princess Helen of Serbia caused all the late-comers to it to shake in their shoes at the thought of a lonely curtsey in the crowded restaurant. Sir John found Lady Dashwood in time to give her a cocktail and compliment her on her black gloves. Lord Carnarvon wondered how he was drawn in the way of companions at the table. He might have had Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, or Miss Gertrude Lawrence: one side of the latter only can have been available, for Mr. Douglas Fairbanks junr., was in the party. Another couple whom one sometimes sees together—oddly enough, they were having a cocktail at the Ritz on that day—Mr. Billy Gardner and Lady Phyllis Allen. It was nice to see Mr. Sidney Beer in London again. He has been going through a strenuous instructional period of conductorship in Vienna and Berlin. He was searching for the pretty violinist, Lisa Minghetti: perhaps he was going to teach her to play "The Devil's Trill." She arrived with her violin, and it was suggested that she would be a godsend to those hotel orchestras which daily trot out faded ballads and ancient operas.

THERE were two large musical parties last week, besides five nights of orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall. Lady Kleinwort lent her house to the Van Gelders, who entertained four hundred guests. Salvi sang beautifully, as did Tita Ruffo, who flew over from Rome for the occasion. He is probably the best baritone in the world—hear his record, "Credo" from *Otello*, sung with Caruso. The Diplomatic Corps attended in full force, also Lord and Lady Reading, and Lady Mount-Temple. The last-named actually wore green, as she did at the Aeolus Concert at Londonderry House on Friday night. Horowitz played, and his rendering of "Funérailles," by Liszt, was different from that of Arthur Rubinstein, who had played it at the previous Aeolus. Harold Holt, the impresario, implored Olga Lynn to let Horowitz play this, as it is one of his greatest pieces.

CYRIL MAUDE, in *Cabbages and Kings*, at the Ambassadors, and Gladys Cooper, in *Acropolis*, at the Lyric, were the two principal first-nights. At the latter we had some instruction in Greek history. Such members of the audience as Hugh Walpole and Epstein probably were quite well up in their Aristophanes and Anaxagoras, and as for Alcibiades, one had only to ask an authoress like Noel Streatfeild, to get a striking pen-picture. Gladys Cooper appeared as Aspasia, a courtesan, and Oriel Ross as another. One lucky Greek was condemned to be given a bath by the latter.

"I CAME here to dance," said the sleepy baronet, Sir Robert Throckmorton, as the last available floor-space disappeared at the Embassy Club. What a pity that its extension night clientèle cannot be more evenly distributed! Last week, on the Thursday, it was so crowded that some people sat with the band. It was of little use for Ambrose to play; he might just as well have gone and played his favourite roulette—except that those little parties are held, I think, only on Tuesday nights, not a hundred miles from Albert Gate. The Cunningham-Reids, the Howard Kerrs, the Milford Havens endured the crush, the sleepy baronet walked out on it, Mr. Cecil Latta escorted Miss Nina Pearson, who is now known as "Pah-pies" after her striking success selling those flowers on Armistice Day at Craven Lodge.

SHOOTING-parties are in full swing. Some of the most delightful are those given by Sir Pierce and Lady Lacy, at Ampton Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds. An average of three or four hundred birds a day is very pleasant for the guns. Their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maurice Lacy, has a dog the breed of which is sure to grow fashionable—it is a Dutch barge dog, and is a mixture between an elk-hound and a pomeranian.

THE children's party season has begun. There were extension nights last week at Mrs. Redmond McGrath's, at her house, in St. John's Wood, also at Mr.

"The Blue Danube"—Amateur, Social and Charitable

Miss Elinor Barton, Miss Catherine Holmes, and, in front, Miss Peta Davis and Miss Esther Grant rehearsing the arrangement of the "Blue Danube" waltz, in which they were four of the dancers last night at the Midnight Supper Party and Ball at Claridge's, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund

A Conservative

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin talking which she visited last week. and there candidates, agents, politics, speech-making and

Charles Cartwright's, in Curzon Street. At the latter there were twenty-six children, a bran-tub, balloons and a cinema show. Commandant and Mme. Leon Hemeleers-Shenley's party in Belgrave Square was in honour of their small daughter's fifth birthday. The Duchess of Brabant, who was in London with her husband, came in to give Una Hemeleers-Shenley a present and stayed to see the cinema show. Commandant Hemeleers-Shenley is the Assistant Military Attaché for Belgium ; he is a personal friend of Prince Charles of Belgium.

IN this cold and foggy weather it is nice to read of the M.C.C. playing cricket in India : and don't forget that before we know where we are the Australians will be with us. In spite of the leg-theory question being supposedly buried, there is going to be a vast amount of chatter on the subject when they arrive. From India, I hear that the Maharajah of Rajpipla is awaiting his English guests, who include Miss Sheila Roach and a well-known Mayfairer who must not be mentioned. Well, East is East and West is West, as the Marquess said when he sailed for America.

BARBARA CARTLAND has a purity complex for her heroines. In her latest book, with the stirring title *Not Love Alone*, and a dedication in Latin to her brother, we have a cinema-star who had lived in Hollywood in radiant virginity for ten years. This alone strikes a novel note. With genuine warmth she describes the first kiss, which passage should cause a shiver round the tomb of D. H. Lawrence : " Silently and utterly still, with a stillness which holds in its momentary paralysis an exquisite agony, they felt the call of each other's individuality. Motionless they waited . . . and then humanity broke. With an inarticulate sound, the language of love triumphant, Hugo put out his arms . . . and then his mouth was on hers." Well bowled, Hugo ! That 's the spirit in which to take a girl to extension night at Quaglino's.

No week should be complete without a mention of " Les Girls." Luckily, this one is going to be. MR. PEEPS

" Good-bye to England " : The India Boat-Train

Top : Mrs. Mostyn-Owen (left) and Captain Herbert Mostyn-Owen, who were married three weeks ago, being seen off by Miss Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell and Mrs. Ramsden - Jodrell, Mrs. Mostyn-Owen's sister and mother. Her husband is A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras. Above : Lord Irwin saying good-bye to Lady Brabourne at Victoria. Lord Brabourne succeeds Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes as Governor of Bombay

Joke Doesn't Mean a Chestnut

to some of the students at the Bonar Law College, The College is at Ashridge Park, Berkhamsted, and other enthusiasts can go and learn all about electioneering from the Conservative point of view

Sasha

They Provide Food and Entertainment

Mr. John de Forest, who hitherto has been best known as a golfer, has now joined the ranks of London's restaurant-managers. Miss Betty Frankiss is appearing in cabaret at his restaurant ; she is also the star of the cabaret scene in " Night-Club Queen "

If You Want to Know "WHAT'S ON"

Turn to page B—before the frontispiece—for the "Bystander's" weekly guide to London Amusements.

Lady Sheila Durlacher and Lady Moira Combe went to the Private View of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition with their mother, the Countess of Clonmell. The Exhibition, which will be open until just before Christmas, is at the Royal Institute Galleries, in Piccadilly

Left: Mr. Harold Speed, who shows four pictures, and Sir John and Lady Lavery. Sir John is the President of the Society

Lady Burney, the wife of Sir Dennistoun Burney, the airship and car designer, looking at Mr. John A. M. Hay's portrait of Mrs. Clive Lochnis

Left: Mr. Bernard Adams, who is on the Council of the Society, and is showing three pictures, with Mrs. Taylor and Admiral Taylor, M.P.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, one of the most picturesque "characters" of the artistic and literary worlds, whose latest book, "Portrait of a Dictator," was published last month, is with Mrs. Walbrand Evans

Lady Harold Smith and her sister-in-law, the Countess of Birkenhead, were there to see the portrait of the late Earl of Birkenhead by Mr. Hugh G. Riviere. Mr. Riviere is the hon. secretary of the Society

Private View

At the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters

Viscount and Viscountess D'Abernon went to the private view. Pictures are one of the many things about which Lord D'Abernon knows more than most people; he is a trustee of the National and Tate Galleries

Top: Mr. Dixon talking to Mrs. Albert Palache and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, two of the most attractive women at the private view

Above: the Duchess of Leinster and the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, who are Viscount Castlerosse's father and mother

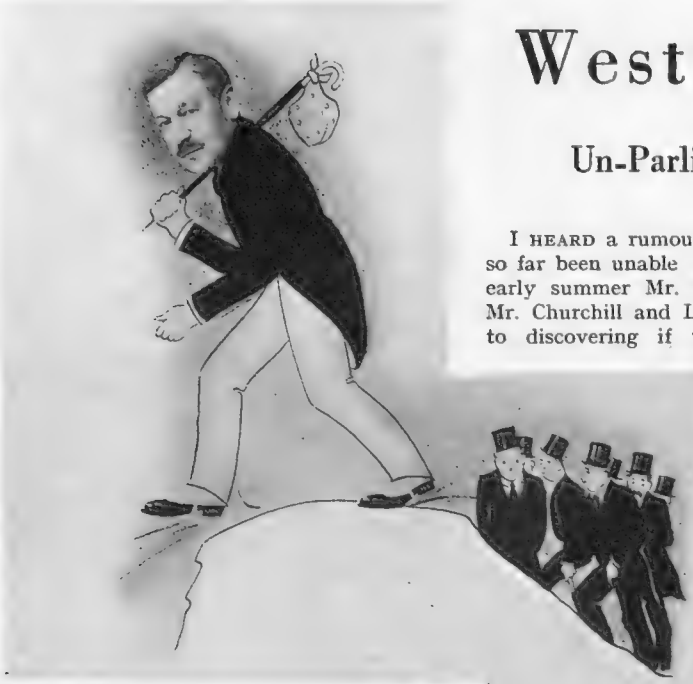
Miss Joyce Carey, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite have found something to smile over even in the catalogue

Left: Mr. John A. M. Hay, another member of the Society's Council, with Mrs. Clive Loehnis, whose portrait is one of his exhibits, and is the picture Lady Burney is looking at in the photograph above

Right: Miss Evelyn Laye went to see the portrait of herself by Mr. Maurice Codner, and with her went Mr. Frank Lawton

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"



Sir Herbert Samuel

—led his little band up the hill, and now he has led them down again

THE House has got over its holiday feeling and has settled down now for four weeks' hard work before it rises for Christmas. Poor Members of Parliament! Whatever they do is wrong. They are cursed for too much legislation, they are cursed for under-working. As though your ordinary, common or garden back-bencher has any say in the matter at all. He does what he is told to do, and most of the time he hasn't the slightest idea what exactly it is that he is doing or why he is doing it.

THE present Government, with its vast majority, had a unique chance of setting its cohorts to work on their own, keeping them busy and happy, at the same time counteracting the continual cry that Parliamentary procedure is out of date, and, in consequence, three-quarters of the House are neglected, wasted and soured. But Mr. MacDonald has never bothered his head about his supporters, and Mr. Baldwin, throughout his leadership of his Party, has shown himself to be superbly disdainful of the rank and file.

IN the 1924 Parliament the Conservative Members were divided into squads. They weren't given anything to do, but they were given leave of absence; so that those who were on duty for at least one hour of glorious life held the fort. Why Captain Margesson didn't revive that system I don't know. Perhaps he thought the Liberals and National Labourites, whom he has to look after, might not play and would black-leg. Perhaps he thought the Conservatives might not play. The Balaclava Brigade were full of ambition and determination in 1931. Now they'd welcome anything to relieve the tedium of it all.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL has done his bit. He led his little band up the hill into office, and now he has led them down again and right out into the desert. I don't think many of them will see the Promised Land again. Sir John Simon, on the other hand, having arrived, means to stay.

I HEARD a rumour last week, but I have so far been unable to verify it, that in the early summer Mr. MacDonald approached Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd with a view to discovering if they would enter the Cabinet should Mr. Baldwin be thrown over by his Party. It sounds improbable, if only because Mr. Baldwin will not be thrown over by his Party—as it is. The majority of the Conservative M.P.s are hypnotised by him and would follow him wherever he led them. But what will happen in the future, when many of the present Members of the House have lost their seats, when Lord Lloyd's brand of Toryism is catching hold and Mr. Baldwin is suffering from the anti-climax of the National Government's demise—who can say?

Mr. Walter Elliot

—promptly substituted "Mr." for the Major he had been for the ten years of his political life

UNLESS, of course, the Lord President of the Council breaks up the Government himself. He has broken one Coalition, why shouldn't he break two?—and being in the Cabinet obviously wouldn't deter him. He was President of the Board of Trade in 1922.

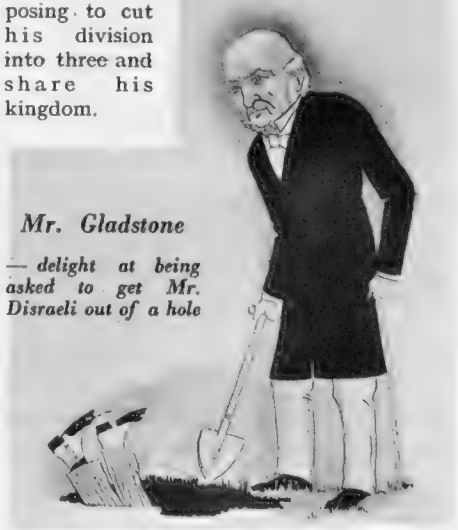
ONE'S admiration for Mr. Walter Elliot grows daily. He was the first to spot the anti-war scare, and promptly substituted Mister for the Major he had been for the ten years of his political life. Then he proves he has no feelings about Party divisions or any of that nonsense by getting Dr. Addison, his Socialist predecessor, to come and help him. (Can't you see Mr. Gladstone's delight at being asked to get Mr. Disraeli out of a hole?) Now Mr. Elliot is even providing his own opposition. Having bolstered up Agriculture, he turns out to the Fishing industry to be nothing but a wet blanket.

MR. ELLIOT once wrote a book on Toryism. It was very brilliantly done, too. In it Mr. Elliot lays it down that "Toryism does not believe that the solution of the consumer-producer problem will ever be found in the bureaucratic hierarchies of innumerable officials of the Socialist State." Brave words. "Toryism does not believe, etc." Quite so! But what about Mr. Walter Elliot?

MR. MAXTON goes quietly ahead with his I.L.P., not inconsiderably helped by official Socialist utterances. When, the other day, Sir Stafford Cripps said, in so many words, that we should have gone to war against Japan over the Manchurian affair, Mr. Maxton was heard to remark that that was a splendid piece of news for Clydeside. Sir Stafford Cripps, incidentally, seems obligingly adept at providing election cries for his opponents.

THE Member for Romford, Mr. W. G. D. Hutchison, wants to increase the number of the House of Commons. He is so worried by the growth of the electorate in his division that he introduced a Bill to split his constituency into three. No one Member, he complained, can look after a hundred and thirty thousand people. What is Mr. Hutchison complaining of?

IF he wants a lesson or two he had better have a word with Mr. Hannon, the Member for the Moseley division of Birmingham. He looks after nearly one hundred thousand electors; he doesn't complain. He had a majority of eighteen thousand in black 1929. How does he do it? Not by proposing to cut his division into three and share his kingdom.



Mr. Gladstone

— delight at being asked to get Mr. Disraeli out of a hole

"Young-Marrieds" in London

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason

All "Young-Marrieds" Have a Flower Painting

Mrs. John Mason hangs the inevitable, because so decorative, flower painting in a panelled room in the house which she and her husband have taken in Embankment Gardens

Photographs by Swaebe

Their tweeds and their Labrador spell country, but the photograph was taken outside their Chelsea front door. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason belong to the 1933 batch of "young-marrieds," having had a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding last Spring. Mrs. Mason was Miss Diana Bruen Coventry, and is the daughter of the late Col. the Hon. Charles Coventry and Mrs. Coventry, and a first cousin of the Earl of Coventry

Triple Mirror, 1933, Reflects Its Owner

James Cagney in "Mayor of Hell"

James Cagney, at the Regal, is a great success as the governor of an American reformatory. He gets the job by graft, but he soons turns reformer himself, improves the terrible conditions in the school, and makes the boys self-governing. Madge Evans is the resident hospital-nurse with whom he falls in love. The stars share the honours with the crowd of boys, whose acting, and especially that of their leader, Frankie Darro, is excellent

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"The Wandering Jew" is yet another English film on the grand scale of pageantry and scenic splendour. In this scene from the third phase, Joan Maude plays the part of the Jew's wife, who leaves him to go into a convent. Conrad Veidt, as the Jew, acts superbly throughout the film, which is directed by Maurice Elvey and is showing at the Tivoli

"The Wandering Jew"

THE film Mr. Maurice Elvey has made of *The Wandering Jew* consists of a series of beautiful, crowded and gorgeous "period pieces" in which the dominating figure of Conrad Veidt, as the Jew, looms magnificently. This great actor's German accent is somewhat obtrusive in the earlier episodes, and the dialogue is unimpressive until his big scene before the Spanish Inquisitors in the last episode; but the scenes themselves, and Veidt's facial demonstration of the gradual change of heart and soul of the Jew condemned to live through the ages until the Christ on whom he spat shall come to him again, are memorable.

The first scenes, in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, with the beautiful and dignified reproduction of the Prætorium, admirably photographed, is perhaps the best set in the picture, but the finale, when the Jew finds redemption and death at the stake, is made impressive by imaginative handling and Veidt's almost uncanny power to convey exaltation of spirit.

The weakest part of the picture is the female element. Marie Ney, as the woman of Bethel whom the Jew had stolen from husband and child; Anne Grey, as the wife of a Crusader, infatuated with the deathless stranger knight; Joan Maude, as the wife, in the third episode, who leaves the Wandering Jew to enter a convent, all fail woefully to be convincing. Only Peggy Ashcroft, in a sort of Mary Magdalene part, achieves any sincerity or emotion. The expedient of using a Voice to link the four ages in which we follow the Jew's wanderings, is clumsy and unnecessary. But, nevertheless, *The Wandering Jew* is a notable picture, and a welcome return to splendour of screen spectacle.

"Mayor of Hell"

IN this picture, the painstaking and, one supposes, accurate revelation of actual conditions in an American Reformatory, makes the fiction which it is thought necessary to thread through the facts seem tawdry.

Mayor of Hell opens by showing a gang of bad boys "at work." The toughest of the lot is Jimmy, played with a sense of character and restrained but convincing gesture, by a lad called Frankie Darro. He is the central figure and the "Mayor of Hell" of the title. Even James Cagney, a by no means colourless personality, cannot eclipse the urgency of this young actor.

In the course of a raid on a tobacconist's shop the proprietor is injured and the boys are rounded up and charged in the Juvenile Court. The rest of the picture is devoted to an exposition of the brutal conditions obtaining in a reform school, until James Cagney, as Patsy, a dubious politician who has gained an official position by graft, makes his appearance, falls in love with the resident hospital-nurse (Madge Evans), and sets about reforming the reformatory by making it into a self-governing community, with the recalcitrant Jimmy as Mayor. During his absence on business (with a revolver!) the old régime is restored, a boy dies in the punishment cell, and the boys mutiny.

The chief interest in this American *Oliver Twist* is the splendid casting and handling by Archie Mayo of the motley crowd of youthful actors.

"The Woman I Stole"

THIS film gives Fay Wray another wicked-woman-who-came-between-two-good-men rôle. In the end, both lover and husband recognise her as the treacherous, heartless creature the film-producer would have us believe her to be, and go off together, leaving her in the desert which is the background of the picture. This is a superlatively commonplace film. Subsidiary to this woman business there are oil-fields threatened by a treacherous manager, suborned Arab tribesmen and hired assassins, and only saved by one of those fabulous strong men, "the Napoleon of the Desert," before whom marauding tribes turn tail and abandon their chief, and who bribes and bullies everyone into submission. Neither Jack Holt's indomitableness in the part nor the versatility of Fay Wray's wardrobe can save the picture from banality.

"Stay and marry me, won't you?"

Above: Robert Harris and Celia Johnson, who provide the more serious interest in Merton Hodge's comedy, "The Wind and the Rain," at the St. Martin's. Below, Mackenzie Ward who, as a harum-scarum youth in the same play, causes legitimate laughter

"What about a quick one?"

"Constance makes Cowards of them all"

Constance Collier, emotional actress, and Alan Napier, sticky diplomatist, in Noel Coward's "Hay Fever," at the Shaftesbury, where the actress believes herself to be passionately in love with the diplomatist, while the latter, despite a short moment's lapse, is perfectly sure he isn't

Bright Lights of Light Comedy

Exemplified in the Current Shows

Left: Fred Astaire and Olive Blakeney in the musical comedy "Gay Divorce," at the Palace. The lady is remarking, "You're being here is a bit of a shock to Mimi," and the "hero" addressed finds some difficulty in contradicting her

Adolphe Menjou and Benita Hume

Frenchmen have the reputation of making love at least as well as they make omelettes, and certainly Adolphe Menjou has his own technique; we seem to remember him doing something like this in a photograph of another film we published some weeks back. His companion here is Benita Hume, and the film is "The Worst Woman in Paris?" the last picture she made in Hollywood before she came back to England. It will soon be following her to London

Lilian Harvey Display

Honey from Hollywood

Sweet Stuff to Keep t

Left: Florence Desmond

This is Florence Desmond taking off Marlene Dietrich; we knew her over here as a first-class mimic long before she went to Hollywood under contract to Fox Films. She is appearing in "Mr. Skitch," with Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts, which will be showing over here before long, and she is also in the cast of "Fox Follies"

Her Hollywood Eyelashes

Lilian Harvey is still making films in America, and is one of the many stars who are working on "Fox Follies," a big musical show now in production. Her latest completed film, in which she plays with Lew Ayres, is "My Weakness," now running at the New Gallery. Whatever her weakness may be, it's not her eyelashes, anyway

Dorothy Jordan and James Bush

"One Man's Journey," starring Lionel Barrymore, is the film in which Dorothy Jordan and James Bush appear as this very-much-absorbed-in-each-other couple. It is being shown for the first time in England at the Coliseum to-morrow afternoon, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, and will probably continue its run there for a few weeks

e Boys Humming Round

Right: Clara Bow

Here's the "It" Girl again; she'll never succeed in living down her red-hot momma film reputation, as she sometimes says she'd like to, because she does that sort of part just so, and the directors keep her doing it. The next time her fans will see her on the screen will be in "Hoop-la!" which is all about life on a fair-ground

Music (and all That)

New Conductors for Old Orchestras

By "Melos"

ONE of the hoary musical fallacies most in need of exploding is that the only way to get perfect playing in an orchestra is to keep it in permanent charge of the same conductor. That is the certain method to make it dull and stale. Much depends on the conductor; a consummate genius such as Toscanini or a live wire such as Sir Thomas Beecham it is impossible to associate with staleness. But beyond these two there are precious few conductors with whom one could leave an orchestra for month after month and year after year and expect it to remain anywhere near the top of its form.

Providing that an orchestra has acquired a sufficient degree of discipline and team-work to justify it being called an orchestra at all, a change of conductors—of good conductors, that is to say—from time to time is the best thing that could happen. The players become as bored with the same man in charge as do 90 per cent. of married couples with each other after a dozen years of having breakfast together. They know exactly what he will do in a given passage; there is none of the excitement of surprise for them; they become listless and mechanical.

THE B.B.C. Orchestra had lapsed into this condition, and for that very reason. They should all along have been four times as good as the London Philharmonic Orchestra, for they have unlimited resources at the back of them and the official blessing. In actual fact, they have not been playing one quarter as well, for reasons I have indicated.

Then, suddenly, comes along Felix Weingartner. They are galvanised into life and play superbly; never, indeed, have I known Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* to be such a tense, living, dramatic thing as it was at the Queen's Hall a few nights ago—and I have never been a great lover of Berlioz. Yet Weingartner is no sensationalist. His methods are grave and restrained, and he is seventy years of age. But he happens not only to be streets ahead of the conductor with whom the B.B.C. Orchestra is more or less permanently associated. He was *a change*.

The orchestra at the "Proms." towards the end of the season is not tired solely for physical reasons, but because, admirable conductor though Sir Henry Wood is, it has played under him six concerts a week for close on a couple of months.

TOO much faith should not be placed in announcements that the Russian Ballet of Moscow is giving a season in London in the New Year. This body must not be confused with the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, who have just been delighting us at the Alhambra, and will almost certainly return in due course.

I refer to the Soviet Ballet. This is a vast concern, and a trip abroad would involve the travelling of about 700 people. This would be an expensive business, and the Soviet authorities are, for artistic reasons, against letting any section of the company appear, just as they are anxious, for propaganda reasons, that we should be impressed by the whole of it.

Besides, our own authorities might have something to say in the matter; to allow such a huge number of foreigners to appear en bloc at a time when the entertainment profession in this country is having none too good a time of it would cause much adverse criticism. And in spite of the "art has no boundaries of nationality" cliché, the letting loose of some hundreds of honest-to-goodness, or dishonest-to-badness, Bolshies in our midst would be asking for trouble, dance they never so nimbly.

It should not be forgotten that all Russian art nowadays has a trick of dancing over all barriers into political ground; indeed, much of it is designed for that very purpose.

MARK HAMBOURG and his daughter, Miss Michal Hambourg, gave, at the Palladium, a successful combined piano recital (on two pianos). If Father Mark dominated, that was only to be expected; he would dominate half-a-dozen adult and famous pianists, let alone a fourteen-year-old girl.

But one had no difficulty in judging that in Miss Michal is a very accomplished young pianist, with ample technique and a personality all her own. She should be a Myra Hess or a Harriet Cohen of the near future. She has studied the piano partly with her father and partly with Miss Katharine Goodson.

ONE of the most eminent of our musical critics has pronounced pontifically—it is his way—that in symphonic music it is not the themes that matter, but the manner in which they are treated and developed. "Anyone," he says, in effect, "can think of a tune."

Can they? I wonder. That is to say, I don't wonder in the least, for I know damn well that not one composer in fifty can think of a good and original tune. But plenty of composers, after an extensive musical training, can write elaborate symphonic developments of such themes as they can evolve.

The argument that in a symphony the actual material is more important than the padding, seems to me to be grotesque. How many symphonies, apart from the classics, keep a hold on the public? The Brahms four, some of Tchaikowsky's, the César Franck in D minor, the Elgar two (not so sure a hold as they deserve, I fear), and the Dvorak *New World*. There are very few others that are not on the shelf, with the symphonies of Mahler, those of the English academics, and dozens more.

Such symphonies as are on the favoured list are there because the thematic material is good. In other words, because they have "good tunes." All other considerations are quite subservient to this.

Mark Hambourg and his fourteen-year-old daughter, Michal, who lately made their joint first appearance in public at a National Sunday League Concert, when they played duets at two pianos. This photograph was taken in the famous pianist's drawing-room, and the piano in the foreground was decorated from designs by Burne Jones. Mark Hambourg's elder daughter, Nadine, has been studying industriously at the London School of Economics

Lenare

The Hon. Diana Russell

Lenare

Miss Mary Serocold

Hay Wrightson

Miss Myrtle Van de Weyer

Bertram Park

The Hon. Lena Ogilvie-Grant

Lenare

Miss Heather Cayzer

Douglas

The Hon. Verena Maxwell

Hay Wrightson

Miss Peggy Paget

Engaged

THE Hon. Diana Russell, daughter of the late Lord de Clifford and Mrs. Vernon Tate, is engaged to Mr. Mervyn Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Taylor, of Hullavington, Wilts. Miss Mary Pearce Serocold, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Eric Pearce Serocold, C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. Serocold, and Mr. Julian Raikes are being married on December 12th. Miss Myrtle Van de Weyer, elder daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, and Mr. L. I. T. Whitaker, Rifle Brigade, are being married on January 2nd. The Hon. Lena Ogilvie-Grant, only daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey, is engaged to Mr. Frank Hubert Onslow. Miss Heather Cayzer, who is engaged to Mr. Marsden Kaye, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Kaye, is the only daughter of Sir August and Lady Cayzer. The Hon. Verena Maxwell, Lord and Lady Farnham's daughter, is engaged to Mr. Charles Crawley, youngest son of Mr. Kenneth Crawley. Miss Peggy Paget is the Countess of Drogheda's only daughter, and is engaged to Mr. Nigel Gibbes, elder son of Major and Mrs. Arthur Gibbes, of Wickenden, Sussex. Miss Barbara Isabel Chance, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. O. K. Chance, is to marry Mr. Neill Grant-Duff, only son of the late Lt.-Col. Adrian Grant-Duff, C.B., and the Hon. Mrs. Grant-Duff. Miss Averil Streatfeild, Col. and Mrs. Streatfeild's elder daughter, and Mr. John Hallett, only son of the late Col. Prescott Hallett and Mrs. Hallett, announced their engagement last week

Hay Wrightson

Miss Barbara Chance

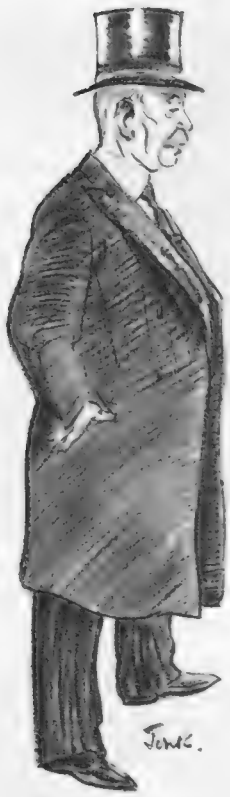
Bassano

Miss Averil Streatfeild

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**



Robert Lumsden
"The Old Guard"

As we write, news from America continues to turn the House into a more or less stagnant sea, agitated only by small, directionless whirlpools of business. The situation is utterly confusing, for the dollar's incalculable and violent fluctuations make prices alter, even while bargains are being done. The air is full of "if's"—if America inflates; if France is forced off gold; if there 's a rush for sterling, and so on. The famous remark of the jobber who, when asked how his stocks were, replied, "They was never so better as yet," might be spoken to-day by any jobber in any market as a comment on the effects of Mr. Roosevelt's manipulations of the almighty dollar.

However, one must eat and drink, and here is a story about the one good market in the House. A philanthropic international financier told a lady of his acquaintance to buy De Beers, which promptly went down ten shillings. Soon after, the kind-hearted but misguided tipster saw his victim at a party, did his best to avoid her, but was finally pursued by her into a corner, and prepared to bow his head to her wrath. To his astonishment, she thanked him profusely; she added that she had rung up her broker, and told him to buy the best, and he had got her Ind Coope and Bass! Incidentally, why do the B.B.C. pronounce these potent words Ind Co-op and Base?

Talking of diamonds, now is the time to bring in H. A. Dunkley, because he is some relation of one of the dynasties of diamond kings. He gets all of his share of ragging during his working days, mainly because of a black felt hat he wears. It 's quite a good hat, but it does seem to get people worked up. It 's always being stolen from its owner, who subsequently finds it displayed here or there in the House, with some notice or other attached—"This Hat, 2s. 6d."; or "Don't Look Inside," or an inanity of the sort. Mr. Dunkley used to be a fine boxer in his day, and a walker, too. He presented a cup for the May Day Walk, but in spite of this, he is curiously apt to get lost when he 's following the walk. He is still energetic in his spare time, and fancies himself a bit as an oar.

Robert Lumsden, on the other hand, does play one round of golf at the week-ends, but work is his hobby. He comes from Scotland—Stirling, to be exact; this, perhaps, explains his devotion to his job. He writes a market review every month, which has a great following outside the House. Besides being accurate in estimate and acute in his judgments, he has a vigorous style and a well-chosen vocabulary. He has, too, a commanding presence, enhanced by his frock-coat and top-hat, black in winter and grey in summer. "The Old Guard 's on parade," they sometimes say when he takes his stand on his pitch.

H. A. Dunkley
"This hat, 2s. 6d."

C. A. Friedberger also wears clothes that inspire a picture. They are quite out of the ordinary, particularly his large, loose bow-tie and his square bowler. He is known in the House as "Sign Avay"; he inherited the nickname from his father, who got it because he used to get up petitions and stand at a door, saying to members as they went out: "Sign avay, gentlemen! Sign avay!" The story goes that when, as a token of gratitude for his energy and enthusiasm, he was presented with a cigarette-case and saw that the inscription inside included the words "Sign away," he pointed out to the donors that what they should really have put was "Sign avay." "Sign Avay" II. is a keen carpenter and gardener; his wife, a different sort of gardener, makes delightful miniature flowers and rock plants of barbola, and has often shown samples of her work in the Art Exhibition.

One of the best choruses for some time was heard a couple of weeks ago, when "Daisy; or, A Bicycle Made for Two" was sung by a fine full choir of male voices. In the middle of the choral circle, Byas ("Ba") Shepherd and a partner did an old-fashioned waltz, and this encouraged the singers to go on for two whole verses. Whether E. J. Walter was "Ba" Shepherd's partner we couldn't see, but, anyway, he is the man to whom "Daisy" is always sung; why, we have not been able to discover.

A song that used to be about the House a good deal was "O Sole Mio." This was inspired by George Kay, and was sung so much and so often that it became quite difficult for him to do business, and something had to be done about it. So now "O Sole Mio" isn't sung any more; it 's only a memory that lingers on. George Kay, who looks like a Russian, is a keen politician, and very Moscow-conscious; he takes an active left-wing interest in the Hampstead Parliament.

A fortnight to-day, *Blue Eyes* starts its four-nights-and-a-Saturday-matinée run at the New Scala. Frederick Blizard will appear as the hero, Herbert Alexander as the funny man, Rex Joseph as the Duke of Cumberland, and Derek Eardly as Bonnie Prince Charlie. Harry Hyde, the hard-working hon. secretary of the Operatic Committee of the S.E.D.O.S., is up to his eyes in the preliminaries, and Leslie Smith is rushing about with tickets, as usual.

C. A. Friedberger
"Sign Avay" II.

BY FRANK FORD

"I bagged that one with a hand-grenade!"

"JOHN PEEL" IS NOW IN SEASON

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES

Above are two couples who went to the Downham Hunt Ball at King's Lynn. On the left are Mr. FitzRoy Paget-Phillips and Miss Pandora Robertson, and on the right are Mr. R. Page Croft, a nephew of Sir Henry Page Croft, and Miss Morris-Jones, the daughter of Dr. J. H. Morris-Jones, M.P., one of the Government Whips

ROUND ABOUT

All Sorts of People Doing All Sorts of Things

DEATH TO THE PHEASANTS

The Duchess of Sutherland wore a shorted, kilted skirt and Newmarket boots when she shot with the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale at Yester House, East Lothian

Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, the First Sea Lord, and Miss Frazer at a stand in a wood at Broxbournebury, Hertfordshire, where Major G. Smith-Bosanquet had a shooting-party last week

"THE ACE" PLAYS ACEY-DEUCEY

DEBATING—

—AND JUST TALKING

Above, left: at the Presidential Debate of the Oxford Union, Sir John Simon made a brilliant defence of the Government's foreign policy, and Mr. D. F. Karaka was elected President; he is the first Indian to hold this office. In the group are Mr, Michael Foot, President, Sir John Simon, Mr. Dosoo Karaka, President-elect, Mr. K. Steel-Maitland, Secretary, Mr. J. R. P. Crichton, Treasurer, Sir John Simon's secretary, Mr. Brian Davidson, ex-President, and Mr. A. Herbert, ex-President

The two photographs, above right, were taken at the party given by the staff of the "Isis" at 28, Beaumont Street, Oxford. Included in the group are Sir Anthony Jenkinson, one of the hosts, Mr. Giles Isham, Mr. Tom Lindsay, Mr. Taylor Fisher-Dedutt, Mr. Roy Rutherford, and Mr. Derek Houghton. On the right, Miss Gisela Klein is talking to Mr. Bobbie Rumbold, Sir Horace Rumbold's son

Above: Adrienne Allen (Mrs. Raymond Massey) plays backgammon with her husband. Their son, Daniel, was christened last week, two days after the opening night of "Acropolis," in which Raymond Massey appears with Gladys Cooper, who was one of his son's godmothers

Left: Mr. Derek Foster was one of the guns at the Yellow Labrador Club's field trials, which were held at Six-Mile Bottom, near Newmarket; he is talking to Lady Ripley

Right: Sir Thomas Beecham was the conductor at the B.B.C. concert at which Gregor Piatigorsky, the Russian 'cellist, played the Elgar violoncello concerto. Piatigorsky had a great reception, and so, of course, did Sir Thomas Beecham; at the end of the concert he had his audience cheering loudly. It was the first time he had conducted the B.B.C. Orchestra since 1930

THE QUEEN'S HALL AUDIENCE CHEERED THEM

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"

Mr. W. Reid Dick, R.A., working in his studio on the ten-foot statue of David Livingstone, which is nearly finished and which will be unveiled near the Victoria Falls, in Africa, in August next year

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The 'Varsity Sides

BEFORE I start, this week, to discuss the form shown by Oxford and Cambridge in the matches which they have so far played, I want to bring to the notice of my readers the fact that the Golf Ball, which is held annually at Grosvenor House, is this year to be celebrated on Thursday, December 14th. The Golf Ball is in aid of St. Mary's Hospital Extension Scheme, and is a function which all those who can should make every endeavour to support. But I should like to say more : I should like to point out to those who have not yet attended this Ball that it is by no means the ordinary charity dance ; it is one of those rare festivities which are really festive. The party spirit seems to overwhelm the participants as they take up their stance ; to be, in fact, just as infectious as are many of the diseases with which St. Mary's Hospital so ably copes. The authorities deal with this particular infection just as efficiently by encouraging it for all they are worth ; and, honestly, this is one of those nights in the year which should not be missed. As in addition to enjoyment is combined the pleasant feeling that one is, perhaps, doing a little to help the Hospital, I would humbly but sincerely suggest to all those who may read these words, that if it is at all possible they should make it their business to be present at Grosvenor House on the evening of December 14th next.

WE have now reached the season of Club and Team matches—and fogs, and it is a great tribute to the joys of the former that the fogs are, where possible, not allowed to matter. The most important of these matches throughout the winter are those which take place between the various clubs and the teams from Oxford and Cambridge. Last year, Cambridge put up a series of remarkable performances against club sides fairly bristling with experienced Internationals, and at this stage of the winter's programme had already established themselves as firm favourites in regard to the great occasion—the annual 'Varsity match. This year, Cambridge have been a little disappointing, but only in comparison with their achievements of twelve months ago. Actually, they have done quite well, and as I write have put up perhaps their best performance by defeating, in a week-end match, a very strong side known as The League.

Cambridge are led by G. R. Jamieson, a player of great possibilities, who suffers, as all University captains must suffer, from the necessity of meeting the leading player of all the clubs which his team opposes in its fixture list. This is a pretty stiff proposition for anybody, and I always feel, myself, that, although it is unquestionably extraordinarily good training for the future, yet, at the time, the individual concerned may get rather disheartened by what is very apt to become a long list of defeats. I take, therefore, rather particular pleasure when a University captain topples a giant from his pedestal, and topples him badly, and this Jamieson has just succeeded in doing by defeating Cyril Tolley very handsomely. This victory should give him just that little confidence which he may require. As Tolley himself has been a captain of a University side, I make no apology for what I have just said. I do not think that Cambridge have any particular star this year, but they are a thoroughly sound side right the way down, and look like developing into something well up to the average in University teams.

IN comparison with Cambridge, Oxford have done better in the matches which they have so far played, and they certainly have a very fine player indeed in Morrice, who is their captain. I have heard it said

(*Continued on page* viii)

(1) K. A. S. Morrice, the Oxford captain, and A. J. Peech (Worplesdon), who met in the singles. (2) A. A. Duncan and J. E. Hargreaves, of Oxford, partners in the foursomes, who won their match. (3) R. D. Knox (Oxford), W. Frame (Worplesdon), Commander J. R. Johnstone (Worplesdon), and R. F. B. Brown (Oxford). (4) R. G. Mills (Worplesdon), E. D. Dickson (Worplesdon), with J. G. Hanson-Lawson (Oxford)

Worplesdon Entertain—and beat—Oxford University

Oxford "Rugger" is Anti-Pacifist

H. G. Owen-Smith, Oxford's full-back, kicked very finely and showed a grand pair of hands

A. E. C. Prescott waisted the best of the afternoon setting E. F. Nicholson all ga-ga as seen below

S. L. Waide's attempts at goal were sliced to Twickenham Ferry

G. J. Dean, the Harlequin half, is fairly fast . . .

. . . but this new Oxford supplement, A. L. Warr, had S. A. Block "all of a doo-dah" when he flashed past . . .

. . . and J. C. Gibbs spent an unhappy afternoon having all the horrors of Warr thrust upon him

H. D. B. Lorraine, the Oxford—and Scottish—centre three-quarter, seen waiting for the golden opportunity

The Oxford University Rugby Team showed fine form at Headquarters when beating the Harlequins by thirteen points to nil

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

"Rugger" at Richmond

Edinburgh University came to town and played the United Hospitals at Richmond. The photograph shows a line-out during the match—the Scottish team in white jerseys—which was won by the Hospitals fifteen by 13 points to 8

Under the Eye of the

The Cambridge coach, Mr. Peter Haig Thomas, will be seen Mr. J. E. Gilmour, on the right, and watching, from a convenient vantage spot, th Crews, which took place on the Cam, when

Vivi-Anne Hulten, holder of the Ladies' Ice-Skating Championship of Sweden since 1927, photographed practising at the Queen's Ice Club for the World's Championship, which will be held at Oslo in 1934

So Georges Carpentier is to fight again! Well, well! They can't resist it, these champions, and it may be that Georges will be able to give twenty years and a beating to young André Lenglet, who holds the French heavy-weight title.

Carpentier—let us be formal, since we never fought the man, and never wish to—Carpentier was so disgusted, they say, at the poor form shown by Lenglet that he issued a challenge, and Maître Jeff Dickson, always on the spot, has done the rest: Palais des Sports—publicity—and I bet there won't be a seat vacant in the house

I last saw and spoke to Carpentier at the Rugby League Final at Wembley in the spring, and I thought then how fit he looked, and how restive he seemed. But at forty a man has lost speed; the punch may be there—I wouldn't care to test it—but it is the timing, that split second, which matters; that co-ordination between hand and eye, mind and muscle which lessens imperceptibly with the years.

EYWALLAH! it's a sad world sometimes, but then one must be philosophical. One must watch the sports of one's youth with a tolerant smile, taking comfort from the fact that the game is not what it was. It never has been, for that matter. But to strip and duck under the ropes, and paw the canvas, and put those tolerant theories into practise—that is another story, mon vieux, mon literally vieux.

FOR all that, I shall watch the news a little anxiously: it would be unkind of Fate to send the brilliant Georges—game as a pebble, that one—it would be most unkind of Fate to send him the way of those who try to come back. It would be unkind to those of us who prefer to remember him in his prime.

IN the meanwhile, over here in England, a little matter of clashing dates is outstanding between Jeff Dickson and the N.S.C. promoters: a pity, but only one peal of thunder in a menacing storm. There is also that meeting of the Boxing Board of Control in December, when the stewards will try their strength against the Northern group of members. I was talking about it to one of the Southern branch members the other day, and he told me that if only the stewards had handled their plans a little more carefully in the beginning this trouble might have been averted. The South and the West are peaceable enough: it is the dour Northerners who are breaking up the party. And in America our Jack Pettifer—the "Tower of London," they call him there—has let loose a punch and flattened his critics, and Walter Neusel has pulled off a grand-stand knock-out in the last round against Poreda. And by the time you read this it may be that there will have arisen a new British heavy-weight champion—it may be, I said.

BUT enough of the fight game, much though I love chattering about it. There's that decision of the Cambridge athletes to bar the invaders from America and the Dominions who come over here and run home products out of Blues. A brave decision—remember G. C. Weightman-Smith, of South Africa—but in my opinion a sound one. I'm selfish about games: I'm all for keeping them in the family, so to speak, and playing them in our own quiet way. None of this trans-Atlantic thoroughness: let us have our relatively casual athletics, just for fun. And what will Oxford say about it? I'm going up there to-morrow, and I'll be interested to hear how they are taking it at Vincent's. Bar all Rhodes Scholars? A formidable thought. And if it applies to athletics, why not to cricket

By "Mark Over"

Experts

and old Blues, among whom W. L. R. Carbonell, on the left, progress of the Cambridge Trial ock-to-lock tests were arranged

A Boxing Championship at Stake

Jack Petersen, the holder of the British heavy-weight title, is meeting Len Harvey, the British cruiser-weight champion, at the Albert Hall to-morrow, when the former will defend his title. Above, on the left, is Jack Petersen exercising his dog, and himself, during his preparations; and on the right is Len Harvey at work on the punching-ball. This match has excited very great interest

and Rugby football, and all the other games? Let's be thoroughly controversial, and suggest that Oxford should follow the lead of Cambridge—as a matter of fact, they will be almost bound to do so, or the cry will go up, louder than ever, that Cambridge will be facing the British Empire and the United States combined in the University Sports. And we step further still—let Oxford bar Rhodes Scholars from all other representative teams; now I've flung the fat well into the fire. There is this to remember, though: Cambridge have moved with their usual subtlety; they have thrown open the door to the picked athletes of the public schools, who will assuredly go where they have no overseas competition to face in the race for a Blue. A delicate situation: they will be scratching their heads in Oxford now.

INCIDENTALLY, what bad luck for John Bowers, Oxford Rugby captain, to be crocked and out of the 'Varsity match. A fine captain and a charming person, Bowers; strangely like Jack Petersen in appearance—almost a twin brother. And very hard on Oxford, too, for Bowers was a clinking back-row forward, a worker and a leader above the ordinary. With K. T. L. Jackson a doubtful starter—and Jackson is the Oxford secretary—things are in rather a mess.

SWITCHING for a moment to Association football, they tell me that Hiden, the Austrian goal-keeper, was super-humanly brilliant when the Arsenal played the Racing Club in Paris recently. And the Arsenal once made overtures to Hiden: I wonder whether we shall see him at Highbury in time to come?

FINALLY, to cricket. I can see there is trouble ahead when the Australians come over here next year—Bradman, Woodfull, McCabe, Fingleton, all among the runs already. They can't find another left-hand bowler though, and they haven't a Larwood. I suppose they will come all right, but I must admit that the last Australian cable, with that sinister phrase about assuming that the M.C.C. had given the required assurances in regard to leg-theory bowling—I must admit that shook me.

I'm wondering whether M.C.C. can swallow it: their pride will suffer if they do. It's tantamount to saying that there is to be no fast leg-theory, and that, on the slightest provocation, the Australians will walk out on us. Supposing Nichols has a cut at it, or young Kenneth Farnes—will the Australians refuse to play? Or is it only Larwood they suspect? And what will they do if Douglas Jardine captains England? It is all very difficult, and we are not clear of the rock yet. M.C.C. Committee have maintained, very wisely, an Olympian silence up to the present; in the meanwhile, the best comment on the situation was "Beachcomber's," who remarked, "Il faut cultiver notre Jardine."

Who Wouldn't be a Tennis Star!

Dorothy Round, first in the British Lawn Tennis ranking list, and Mary Heeley (left), whom she deposed this year, on board the Dollar liner, President Johnson, on which ship they are making a world tour. They sailed from San Francisco, and are visiting Hawaii, Japan, China, Philippines, Malay States, India, and Egypt before returning to dear old England, home, and Wimbledon

Roehampton in Retrospect

L. to r., Back Row: Mrs. Rothwell-Jackson, Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Kellie. Front Row: Mrs. Westerman, Mrs. Lockwood Stevens, Mrs. Elliott Batt, and Mrs. Reading, all members of Coombe Wood

Right: Mrs. King and Mrs. Janet Jackson, who both returned 71 in the Barn Elms Trophy Competition. As a pair, they are the "oldest inhabitants" of "The Bystander" Foursomes

"Oldest Inhabitants"?

Lenare

The New Captain

Mrs. Marsham Townshend, of Scadbury Manor, Chislehurst, who is taking over the captaincy of the Kent County Ladies' Golf Association

Women's Golf:

By Eleanor E. Helme

Barring Swear Words

DEAR BYSTANDER,

OF course, you have heard the latest from America: the attempt of the P.G.A. of that country to put down swearing amongst its members by the threat of refusing the entry of the offender the next time that he tries to enter? I suppose that the further step would be, in the case of amateurs, to request their resignation from the club. In fact, the home of Liberty would become, instead, the home of Restriction.

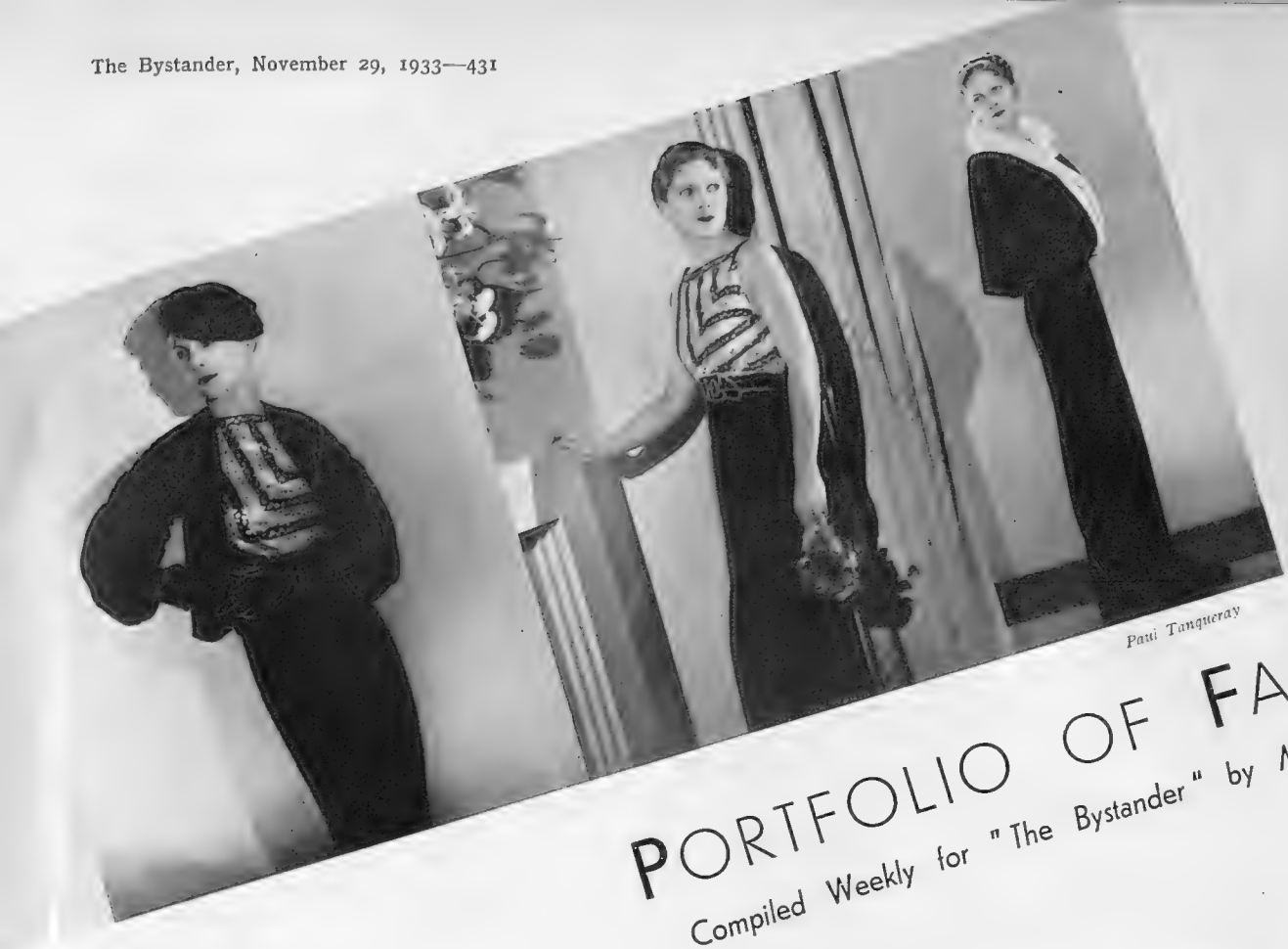
While they were at it, I wonder that no recommendation was sent to the Royal and Ancient, with a proper code of penalties. One little swear—loss of a hole in match play; of a stroke in medal play. Second offence: loss of two strokes; third: disqualification; and so forth and so on. It would then become a nice point whether exasperation to the point of bursting would not be cheaply relieved by a real good swear, even at the cost of two strokes. Of course, it would require a few runners-out, to know how the opposition was doing; even one mild expletive might be too costly if there were still many holes to go. As a humorous game, golfing without swears might have possibilities. As a serious proposition, one can only picture a repeal being put through a good deal more speedily than that meted out to Prohibition.

ONE question which would always arise would be: "What is swearing?" Would the men members be allowed something much hotter than the women, and would there, therefore, be an instant outcry for equality of language? Would that situation, in turn, be met by permitting women who paid the same subscription as men to use the same language? It all seems so ridiculous and fantastic, that one wonders whether America is simply looking for something to talk about at that season of the year when golf is impossible in some of the States on account of weather conditions. Personally, the only benefit I have ever found in bad language on a golf-course is to receive great encouragement therefrom when indulged in by my opponent. I remember in my very youthful days—when I had heard a good deal less language than I have now—being several holes down in a county match to a more or less distinguished lady who, as a result of an excruciatingly bad shot, let out a good hearty "Damn!" Somewhat startled, I concluded that she had entirely lost her temper and that the match was as good as mine, with the result that it shortly was. Looking back on it now and meeting the said lady, I find her of blameless conversation, and we both laugh over my own age of innocence. But it won me my match.

FROM time to time, rumours go round how this, that, or the other player is going a bit too far in the matter of language. Such reports grow until they become time-honoured myths, as of the lady for whom no referee would officiate, on account of the abuse, in no uncertain terms, she was apt to hurl at his head. But, personally, I have yet to meet the golfer who habitually uses bad language or loses her temper, and it seems to me that swearing, beyond being a silly and sometimes ugly fashion, only matters in a golfing sense if it means such a complete loss of temper that you lose control of yourself. There are golfers who play better in a state of rage, provided it has not been allowed to boil over; some who grow steadily worse; some who merely grow despairing. It seems, rather, to come down to it, that there are three forms of golfing anger—with yourself, with your opponent, with Fate. Yes, on thinking it out, I could draw up a most interesting list dividing first-class golfers of Great Britain, France, and America into those three categories. Such a list is not for publication, not even for whispering over the tea-cups. We can all draw up our own, as a new kind of parlour game, and the conclusion of it seems to be that golfers who lose their tempers with themselves often play better in that state of mind; that those who lose it with their opponents are fools, and those who lose it with Fate are foolish. As for those who lose it with their partner, the vocabulary contains no words sufficiently strong to paint their folly. The worst of partners is presumably doing her best and has the same object in view as yourself; she does not deliberately miss the shots. To lose your temper with her (or him) is quite assuredly the best way to make her (or him) play worse. That seems rather too obvious. But, on thinking it over, I have heard more people lose their temper with their partners—at any rate, when talking of events afterwards—than with either themselves, their opponents, or Fate. If you and I should ever play together, I do trust you won't lose it with me, whatever the provocation.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



Paul Tanqueray

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

ABOVE is seen a cocktail coat and skirt of black wool from Harvey Nichols. The coat is short and has interesting sleeves, the blouse beneath is made of gold lamé and is backless and the long skirt has a hem of the same lamé as the blouse. On the extreme right is an olive-green velvet gown with a train and a short wrap trimmed with ermine velvet, which also comes from Harvey Nichols

ON the right is a sketch of an American broadtail coat which is not only made of the most supple and beautifully marked skins, but is so well cut that the figure is not obscured and a trim and smart silhouette is achieved. The price is 39 guineas, and this is one of many models to be found at the National Fur Co., who will send you their catalogue on request. Their furs are absolutely reliable and may be obtained on deferred payments

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

WHILE reading with infinite delight the Women's Pages written by my predecessors of a quarter of a century ago, in proper preparation for Mrs. Claude Leigh's "Gay 'Nineties" party on the 13th and the Edwardian Ball at the Dorchester on the 18th, I came upon the word "addenda." Apparently in current use twenty-five years ago, this word has died out of the curious jargon which journalists like myself use; I propose to revive it, so here goes. This week I saw some extremely attractive addenda at H. J. Nicoll (a house which welcomes and quickly offers its clients everything new will, I am sure, appreciate a new word), particularly some lovely jewellery. There were wide bracelets composed of fat drops of amethyst purple or emerald green, made of unbreakable composition by a secret method—just what we all want to relieve the mournful black or nearly as mournful blackberry blue which are the season's colours. Also belts of unbelievable chic—unbelievable in London and at such prices, I mean; the kind of belt for which, in better and more care-free days, belt maniacs like myself used to go over to Paris to buy at Hermès. Wide leather belts with curious things to fasten them, or belts of leopard with ends which slip through chromium rings, the sort which makes a little dress run up by a little woman round the corner look like a good copy of a good model. Another addendum (you know, it's one of those "dum" and "da" words—a pity, I always think, that one can't say "dums") which caught my attentive eye this week was a charming little cape of ostrich feathers at the White House—I've seen these before, of course, but never so light, so gossamer-like and so inexpensive. You can get them in white, pink, or almost any colour to order. This would be a nice little addition to one's wardrobe—so would a round cape-collar of bright pink or green suède buttoned up the front and with matching cuffs, the very thing to add to a plain and somewhat dull woollen dress or jumper. These cape collars and cuffs have been taken up with enthusiasm by some of Cochran's prettiest young ladies, and are, I believe, said to be "too cute for words," which relieves me of any further responsibility with regard to describing them. But you may as well know they come from Leathercraft, and are one of Alex Lord's many bright ideas Her gloves are too well known for me to presume to tell you about them, but she makes them to match all her suits, whether of suède or leather, for the country or winter sports. Mrs. Cochran herself favours addenda in the shape of those smart cut-glass initials, and wears a double set on what, I think, is Stiebel's best dress this season—a simple black woollen one with a pleated hem and two rows of pleats round the shoulders. One set of glass initials is clipped on to the narrow upstanding collar and the other to the belt. If you want to go on remembering who you are—personally, I don't want to—you can also add another pair to your black antelope bag.

I've also come across a newnail-enamel which doesn't peel off with the alarming rapidity of most, and a new lip-stick, which comes in the smartest gold-inlaid gun-metal case I've ever seen. Stays on, too. And a new vanity case of leather, red or blue, which opens with a zip and has a sifter inside, much smarter than the far too common chromium ones, lighter, and just what's wanted for a country outfit. These latter might also be enlivened by some of the blouses which have recently made their appearance. I've found a whole series of plaid cashmere ones, real genuine Scotch plaids—choose your own—beautifully made and not expensive. Also plain jersey ones, navy, dark red or green, which have collars and ties of spotted foulard in the same shade. For afternoon it would be hard to beat a really well-cut white satin (the White House have a particularly good one), and for the evening a lamé blouse worn with a long black velvet skirt and short coat is useful. Harvey Nichols make a speciality of these.

The same house has also got Schiaparelli's lacquer red cape of blistered taffeta—the one which buttons right up to the neck—and have got it copied in black or white angel skin quilted in gold or silver, for a very reasonable sum. Prettier really than the model. The same shop is also showing those Alice hair-bands in chromium or coloured composition for 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. How is this for one week's addenda?

M. G.

A * I

happy Xmas

PANURGE toys teach babies to walk. Ample support is given by a strong, light steel frame. Made of finest plush, the Panurge Donkey costs from 33/- to 80/- and only thoroughly hygienic materials are used in its manufacture

TWO novel presents are the Regent Plate cocktail-shaker which dials the recipe for your favourite cocktail, and costs 3 guineas, and the chromium and green lacquer clock, price 4 guineas. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

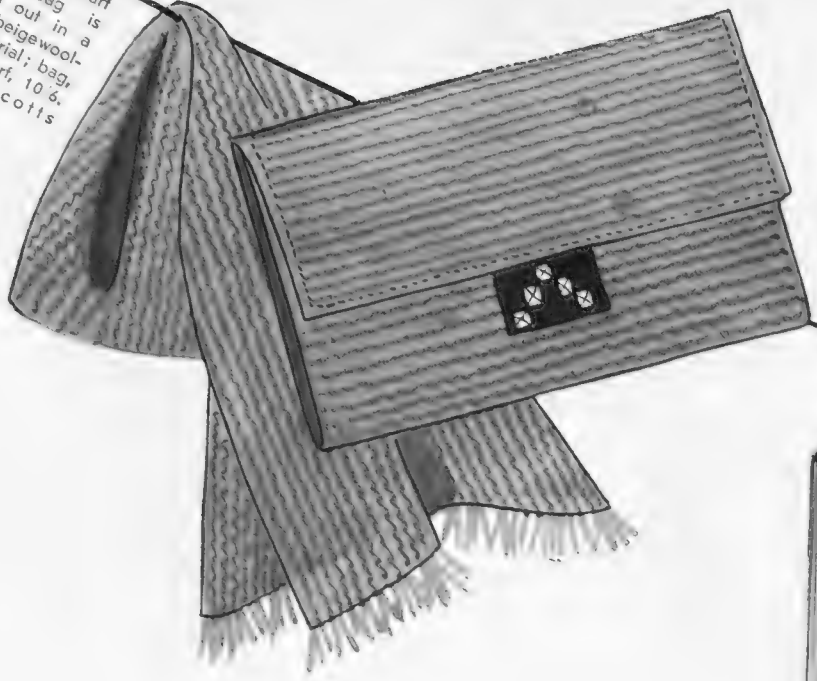
EVER welcome, and solving the problem of what to give a man, Craven "A" flat fifty cost 2/6 and Craven de luxe Mixture can be bought in a specially designed container for 7/-

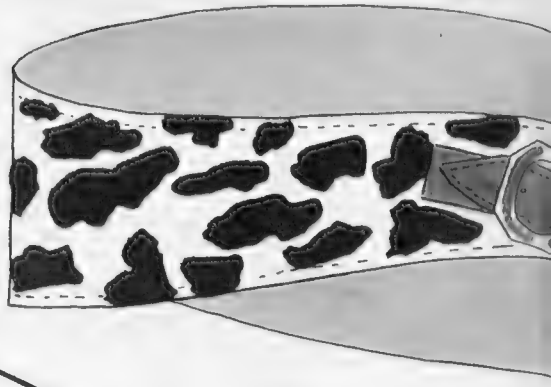
Left:
NOTHING would be more welcome to the travelling friend than a soft-top Revelation suitcase in leather cloth. In black, brown, blue or green and lined in art silk, they cost 20/-

PRACTICAL gifts the party-giver will love are the tantalus cabinets containing three bottles of Booth's excellent cocktails, price 32/-, and bottles of Booth's finest old dry gin, in cases of 2, 3 or 6 bottles, at 12/6 a bottle

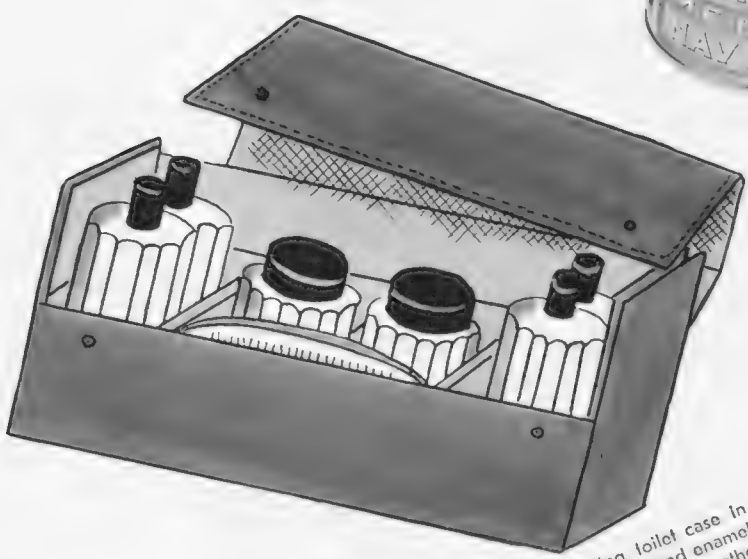
A CASE of Dewar's White Label is indeed a generous and welcome gift, and their special festive packings containing 2, 3, or 6 bottles, are 25/-, 37/6, 75/-, respectively

THIS set of scarf and bag is carried out in a ribbed beige woollen material; bag, 35/-; scarf, 10/6. From Scotts





PLAYER'S Navy Cut, in the familiar blue tin, cost 4/10 per hundred, and Navy Cut Tobacco 1/1 per oz.



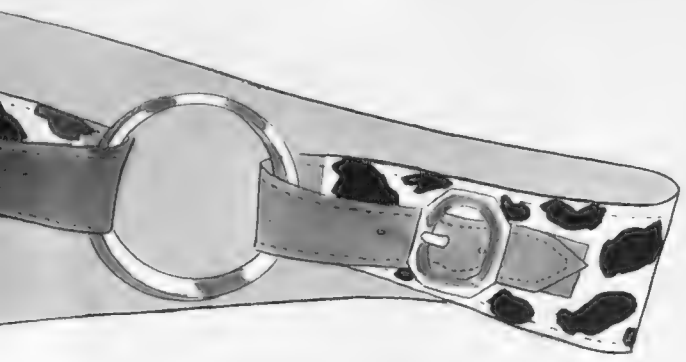
THIS travelling toilet case in scarlet leather and enamel costs 21/-. Also in other colours. From Harvey Nichols

Cannons of Hollywood

A DELIGHTFUL hair-band of tortoiseshell set with paste costs five guineas. In light or dark shell, from Vasco

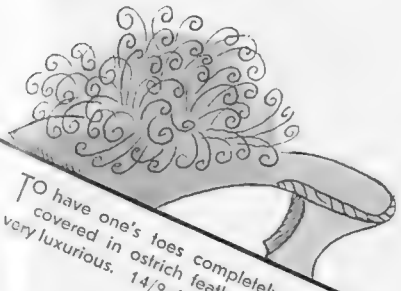
THIS smart check cashmere scarf in grey and blue may also be obtained in other colour combinations. 7/6, from Austin Reed

Christmas Gifts



A SMART belt of leopard skin with an unusual fastening would be a delightful surprise. One guinea, from Jaeger

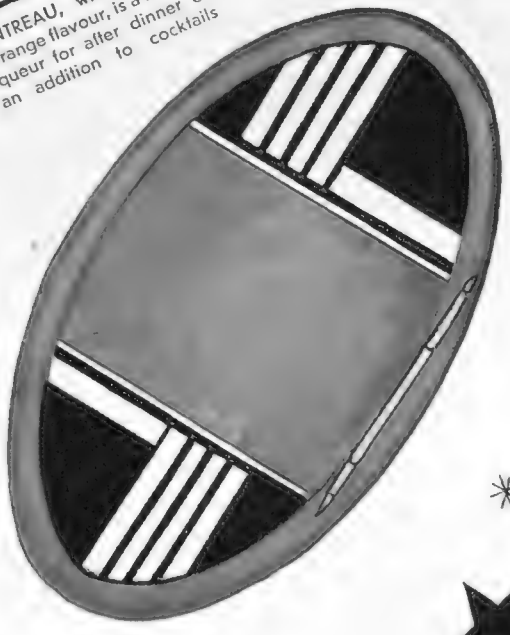
THERE are Innumerable gift cases to choose from at Yardley's; this one, containing Orchis perfume, powder and talc, costs 17/6



TO have one's toes completely covered in ostrich feathers is very luxurious. 14/9, from Dolcis

COINTREAU, with its fresh orange flavour, is a favourite liqueur for after dinner or as an addition to cocktails

THE initial bracelet is a novelty carried out in chromium and marcasites, price 21/-, from Ciro: the bracelet on the right is of Ciro diamonds and sapphires



AN unusually smart vanity case of red and black lacquer is moderately priced at 18/6. From Mappin and Webb

A TRAVELLING make-up box, which can be obtained in pink, blue or green enamel, costs 16/6. From Peter Robinson

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Christmas, Christopher and Caran D'Ache

By A. G. Macdonell

Lady Eleanor Smith has turned her back, for a time at least, upon the sawdust-ring and the passions of the caravan, and the joys and sorrows of the Romany folk. Her new book, *Christmas-Tree* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is about seven separate, almost entirely disconnected, people who buy Christmas-trees in a big West-End store. The connecting-link, such as it is, is contained in the Prologue, which is called, without any conspicuous flash of originality, "Seven Characters in Search of a Christmas-Tree." This Prologue is a description of the purchasers as seen through the eyes of the tired, headache-racked, shop-girl who sells the trees, and the point of it is that the shop-girl makes a guess at the lives and characters of each purchaser, and gets it wrong each time. It is a very slender connecting-link, almost amounting to padding, and the only moral of it would seem to be that shop-girls are bad psychologists and bad guessers. The Prologue, in fact, could very well have been left out altogether, and the book presented simply as seven short stories on the same theme. For that is really what it is. The stories are curiously uneven. The first, about two gay young things who are desperately in love with each other after several years of marriage, is trite and obvious, without any special distinction. The second is beautiful and moving. The German mistress, friendless, forlorn, incompetent, who cannot keep order in the fifth form, buys a tree out of her poor earnings and takes it home to her shabby lodgings and decorates it, and invites one of her small pupils to tea on Christmas Day. The small pupil is the only human creature on whom Fraulein Haussemann can lavish a little love upon the day of the great Germanic festival. Fraulein gets everything ready for the tea-party, and then the little girl writes a polite letter to say that she cannot come; she is going to a party instead where there is to be a conjuror. It is the same tragedy that Charlie Chaplin showed so movingly in one of the last of his silent films. Again, the multi-millionaire who buys his women is hackneyed stuff; the plain, undistinguished woman in the nursing-home whose eyes light up at the arrival of the tree, not because the tree is beautiful, but because her lover brought it, is real poetry. Jenny Lynn, the platinum blonde, might have been stamped on to the paper with a rubber stamp, but her young adorer brings a touch of the hidden fires into the story. I may be quite wrong (though I would be the last to admit the possibility), but it does seem to me that Lady Eleanor is in too much of a hurry. She gets a first-class central idea, creates one or two real characters, and then seems to take a dip into the common stock-pot of old characters and slaps on the result indiscriminately. It was not thus that Katharine Mansfield worked. Still, *Christmas-Tree* is always interesting and sometimes powerful.

"Twice Seven" (Routledge; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the autobiography of H. C. Bainbridge. Mr. Bainbridge was at one time research chemist in the white-lead works of Dr. Ludwig Mond, and later accepted the invitation of Carl Fabergé to become his London agent. Fabergé was the last of the Court Jewellers in Petersburg, and as his agent, Bainbridge met almost all the crowned heads of Europe, and all the great connoisseurs in jewels and gold and enamels, men like the Rothschilds, the Russian Grand Dukes,

Margaret Kennedy *Lenare*

Author of "The Constant Nymph," who has written a play called "Escape Me Never" for the celebrated German actress, Elizabeth Bergner, produced last week in Manchester, and in which she will appear in London shortly

Cassel, and Pierpont Morgan. His autobiography may be divided into parts. There is much interesting matter about those pre-war days, which were the last survival of the luxury and splendour of the Renaissance, when the Tsar's Easter egg might contain an exact model, in gold, of a Trans-Siberian train, or an enamel replica of the Uspensky Cathedral in Moscow, with the towers of the Kremlin in red gold and the roofs in green enamel. That sort of thing is not of our world to-day, but it has its niche in history. The second aspect of Mr. Bainbridge's autobiography is the extraordinary amount of tediousness and pretentiousness that he manages to cram into its pages. There are excursions into the mysticism of numbers, and pseudo-philosophy, and empty speculations about nothing in particular. There are stories which, for sheer banality and pointlessness, beat anything I have ever come across before, and the writing is a mass of clichés and dullness. If Mr. Bainbridge had stuck to his last, and written a chatty gossip-book about his grand acquaintances, he might have got away with it. But he has been seized with that delusion, unfortunately so common among many worthy souls, that the art of writing is one that can be mastered at a moment's notice.

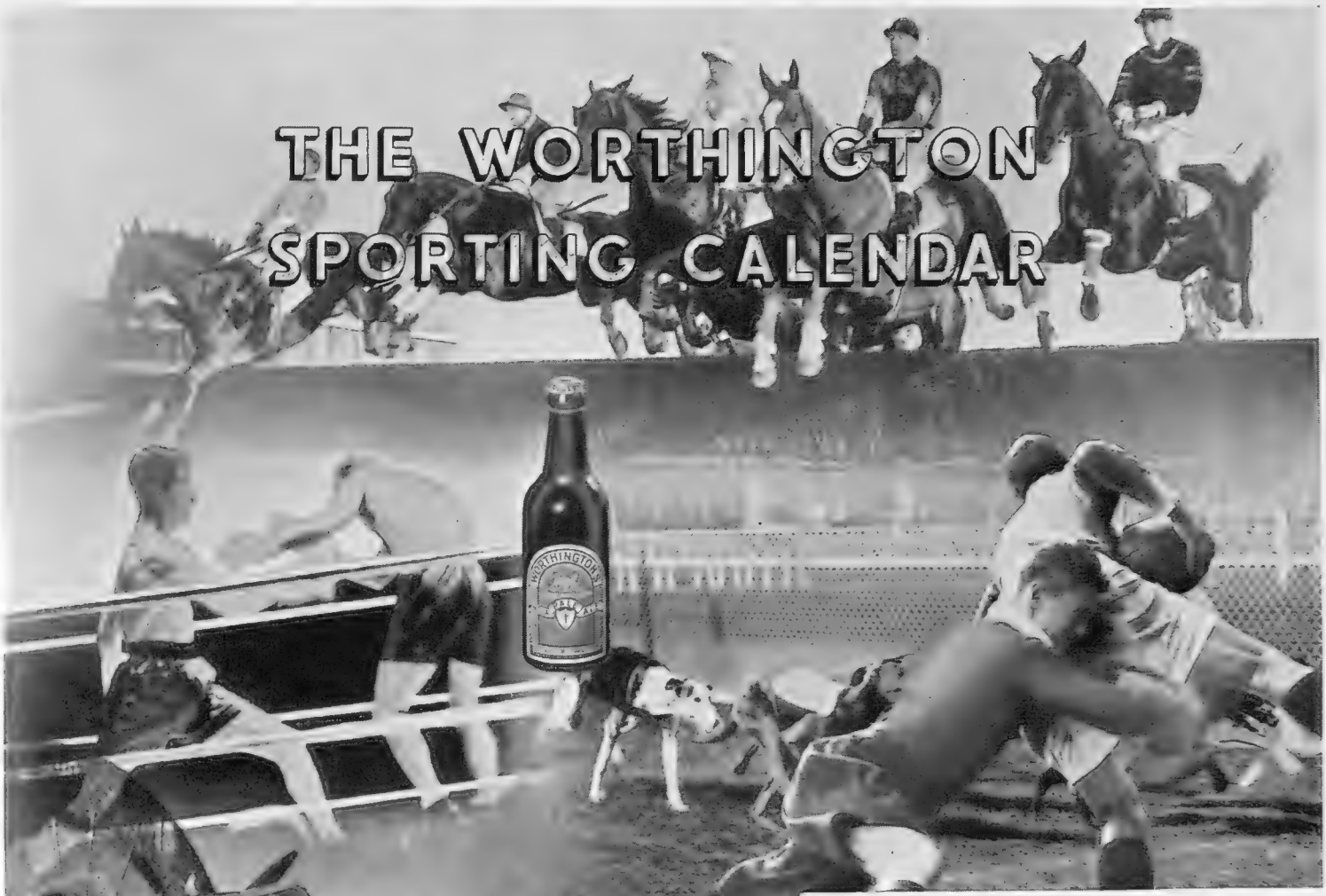
A very different sort of autobiography is *Christopher Stone Speaking* (Mathews and Marrot; 6*s.*). Mr. Stone is, of course, the famous broadcaster of gramophone records, and he has been aptly described as "the man with a million friends." He describes how he used to write novels, and then somehow drifted into the editorship, with his brother-in-law, Compton Mackenzie, of *The Gramophone Magazine*, and thence gravitated to the B.B.C. Mr. Stone himself uses the word "fantastic" for his rise from comparative non-success as a novelist to his enormous fame as a broadcaster, but to those who read his book the adjective will seem unduly harsh. For Mr. Stone writes so simply, so charmingly, so unostentatiously, that it is very easy indeed to understand the hold which he enjoys over his immense "public."

"Caran D'Ache the Supreme" (Methuen; 5*s.*) is a selection of the drawings of the well-known French comic draughtsman of the 'eighties, with an introduction by a distinguished colleague of modern times, Mr. H. M. Bateman. Mr. Bateman maintains that, whoever invented the art of telling a story in a series of pictures (what we now call the comic strip), Caran d'Ache was the greatest master of the art. This is high praise from one who is himself an acknowledged master, but this selection certainly goes far to support Mr. Bateman's contention. And Caran d'Ache was not merely a wag. He was a very skilful draughtsman, and he took vastly more pains over his drawings than many of our slap-stick funny men of to-day. Each single drawing is worked out in great detail. This book would make a pleasant Christmas present.

So would the "Zoo" book of poetry by that indefatigable poet, historian, novelist, essayist, and wit, Mr. J. B. Morton, *Who's Who in the Zoo* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 6*s.*). It is supposed to be a book for children, but many of the poems will amuse and delight the grown-up also, as, for example, the couplet written by the "great but sensitive poet, of the noisy bittern, after visiting the Bird House":

> I shan't come back again—not I,
> Once bittern, twice shy.

It is a pity that Mr. Cecil Aldin should have been under the impression that he was illustrating a Guide to Natural History, instead of a book of witty poetry.



DECEMBER, 1933

1st to 15th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Kempton Park and Haydock Park Steeplechases.
Billiards. Licensed Victuallers Tournament ends.
Amateur Boxing. The Army v. Denmark, Aldershot.

2nd **Racing.** Kempton Park and Haydock Park Steeplechases.
Rugby (Union). First English Trial, Birkenhead. Upper Clapton v. Ilford Wanderers.
Rugby (Northern League). St. Helens v. Australia.
Hockey. Cheshire v. Durham. Wimbledon v. Beckenham. Blackheath v. Richmond.
Ice Hockey. Lancashire v. Warwickshire.
Fencing. Miller Hallet Cup—International Epée Competition, London.

4th **Racing.** Leicester Stplchs.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Amateur Boxing. 6th Amateur Boxing Tournament for Royal Free Hospital. Amateur Champions v. Danish Boxers, Albert Hall.

5th **Racing.** Leicester Stplchs.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show.

6th **Racing.** Gatwick and Worcester Steeplechases.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show
Rugby (Union). Eastern Counties v. Hampshire. Upper Clapton v. Guy's Hospital.
Assoc. Football. Arsenal v. Combined Vienna Eleven. Navy Cup Semi-Final.
Rugby (Northern League). Rochdale v. Australia.

7th **Racing.** Gatwick and Worcester Steeplechases.
Amateur Boxing. Alexandra A.B.C., Alexandra Palace.
Ice Hockey. Cambridge University v. Queens.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show.

8th **Racing.** Sandown Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show.
Fencing. Doyne Memorial Cup, Competition - Foil, London.

9th **Racing.** Sandown Park and Carlisle Steeplechases.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. United Services, Portsmouth. Blackheath v. Westminster Bank.
Ice Hockey. Lancashire v. Streatham.
Rugby (Northern League). Cumberland v. Australia.
Rugby (Union). Woolwich and Sandhurst v. The Army. Upper Clapton v. Westcombe Park. Somerset v. Devon.

11th **Racing.** Nottingham and Plumpton Steeplechases.
Greyhound Racing. Greyhound Cambridgeshire Stakes (Flat) First Heats. West Ham Stadium.

12th **Racing.** Nottingham Stplchs.
Rugby (Union). Oxford v Cambridge, Twickenham.

13th **Racing.** Windsor Stplchs.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. Richmond and Kingston Hill. R.N. & R.M. v Tulse Hill.
Ice Hockey. Streatham v. Queens.

14th **Racing.** Windsor Stplchs.
Amateur Boxing. Metropolitan Police "P" Division A.C., Lewisham Town Hall

15th **Racing.** Hurst Park Stplchs.

Darts. Tournaments throughout the month.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Berks v. Bucks

Beaconsfield and Berkhamsted in Friendly Fray

(1) H. G. W. Davies (Beaconsfield) and Sir James Donald (Beaconsfield); (2) D. Robertson (Berkhamsted) and Capt. R. D. Robertson (Berkhamsted); (3) C. K Cooper (Berkhamsted) and W. H. P. Burnyeat (Beaconsfield); (4) A. P. Case (Beaconsfield) and L. Padfield (Beaconsfield); (5) K. D. Harris (Berkhamsted); O. V. Hoare (Berkhamsted); (6) K. V. Braddon (Beaconsfield) and H. E. Rance (Berkhamsted); (7) A. H. O'Bryen-Taylor (Beaconsfield) and I. C. Sanderson (Beaconsfield); (8) L. P. Vernon and C. R. Chronander; both of Berkhamsted. It was a two-team home-and-away match and Berkhamsted won both matches

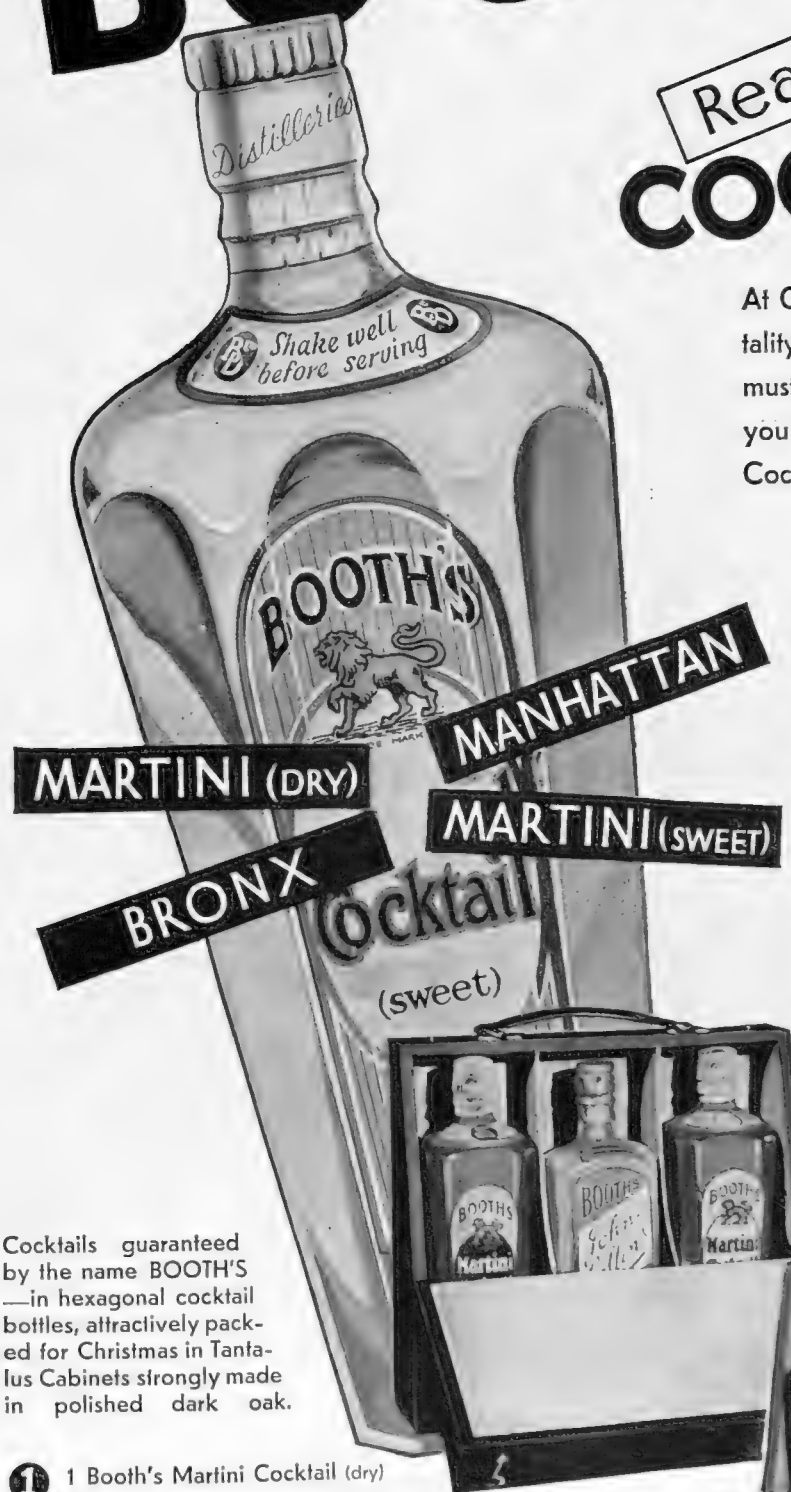
A Christmas Suggestion

BOOTH'S

Ready Mixed COCKTAILS

At Christmas-time, when all the hospitality and good cheer that is possible must be crammed into the short holiday, you will find Booth's Ready-Mixed Cocktails an invaluable time-saver.

However many friends drop in unexpectedly—however many members of the family gravitate home for Christmas, you are prepared—it only means producing a few more glasses. If a long drink is wanted—and Christmas is always a thirsty time—it's a case for John Collins—an old favourite, but increasingly popular.



Cocktails guaranteed by the name BOOTH'S —in hexagonal cocktail bottles, attractively packed for Christmas in Tantalus Cabinets strongly made in polished dark oak.

1 1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (dry)
1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (sweet)
1 Booth's John Collins Price **32/=**

No. 1

2 1 Booth's Martini Cocktail
1 Booth's Bronx Cocktail
1 Booth's Manhattan Cocktail Price **32/=**

No. 2

NOTE : All of the above can be made up in threes to suit individual tastes, or single bottles obtained at **10/6** each

Welling BG 63

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Times of Trial

A Rugby study by Miss S. Bosley, the second prize-winner in the Annual Competition for Women Sculptors at the Royal Academy of Arts

As I write, the shock of hearing of the sudden death of Engineer Rear-Admiral E. W. Roberts is still fresh upon me. He was in Manchester when he died, as I dare say you know, helping to select the team for the first English Trial Match. We shall miss him sadly, for "E.W.", as he was always called, was the kindliest of men, and his enthusiasm for Rugby football was a fine and inspiring thing. His knowledge, too, was profound, though he never obtruded it upon those who knew less than himself. We have lost a wise counsellor indeed.

It is, then, with sadness that we turn to the Trial teams, since they remind us inevitably that we shall never hear "E.W.'s" cheerful voice raised in friendly argument again. They are interesting teams, and we shall make the journey to Birkenhead next Saturday with a certain amount of curiosity.

This first Trial, of course, is only a preliminary canter. It does not include any of the 'Varsity players, and men like B. H. Black, C. L. Troop and A. Roncoroni, who are only now running into form, probably consider themselves well out of it. For all that, the teams show us how the Selectors minds are working.

To begin with, if I were looking for the straw in the wind, I should fasten on to the fact that D. W. Burland appears in the centre for England, with the additional pointer of A. L. Novis being placed on the wing. Our Selectors are men of mettle: they know their own minds, and refuse to be stampeded out of the belief that strength and solidity are the essential qualities in a mid-field player.

Burland is a great centre, in his own powerful way, and he has served England well. I do not for a moment question this, but he represents a theory with which it is difficult to agree. It is possible to argue that, in International football particularly, your centres must be of a brick-wall solidity, since they have to bear the brunt of mid-field defence. To that extent Burland certainly fills the bill, but I have a feeling that solidity is not enough, even in defence, for it is possible to run round a brick wall rather too easily.

Another interesting point is the Selectors' evident trust in county match performances. We see K. C. Kinnersley chosen to succeed T. W. Brown at full-back, though Kinnersley, until recently, was only the Bristol reserve. He played so brilliantly for Somerset, though, that his choice was inevitable, and I hope he will prove that his present form is no flash in the pan. We are short of full-backs; there is no doubt of that. S. Block is out of action now, with a couple of broken ribs, and the only class player in the country appears to be H. G. Owen-Smith, who is too obviously a South African for even our elastic International qualification laws.

Then we find L. A. Booth, that very promising wing three-quarter, displaced by C. C. Tanner, who brings with him J. C. Brooks, his centre for Gloucestershire. It seems to me that the Selectors might have followed this team qualification to its logical conclusion by putting in D. Meadows, the Gloucester stand-off half, who has built up such a reputation for himself this year. After all, team-building turns upon the connection between half-backs and centres, and here, ready to hand, was a tried and undoubtedly effective combination.

Still, it may be that Meadows will have his chance later: in the meanwhile, I suppose it was only fair that W. Elliott should be tried with B. C. Gadney again; and it is true enough that Elliott has struck his best form just at the right moment, for he was very good indeed when I saw him playing for Hampshire against Middlesex the other day.

Elliott is a strange player: there are days when he is every inch an International stand-off half, and he has certainly played some grand games for England. It may seem, therefore, ungenerous to criticise him, and my own criticism is the mild comment that there are occasions when he unaccountably drops far below his best, and appears to be almost lackadaisical, kicking automatically, and allowing the ball to die in his hands, so to speak. Still, there are reasons, apparent to the player, which escape the touch-line critic: it may be that a back-row forward suddenly makes an extra yard or two in his break from the scrummage, and the stand-off half is consequently fettered: it may be that the forwards need a rest, and that the stand-off half is acting under orders when he kicks for a long period.

It will be interesting, incidentally, to see W. T. Anderson, the Rest stand-off half, again; he was a formidable and strong-running player at Cambridge a couple of years ago. These Rest backs, as a matter of fact, are a promising lot—Aarvold and Booth on the wings, and Malir and Alexander to give thrust in the centre, and C. P. Goldson, an irrepressible and unorthodox scrum-half.

As for the forwards, they are a sturdy, likely bunch. H. R. Fry, an extremely lively back-row forward from Liverpool, is deservedly recognised, and the Metropolitan Police supply J. C. Wright for the middle of the back row. Perhaps Wright is the most unexpected selection of all, for he has only just appeared for Middlesex, and may seem to lack experience

The ball gets loose in the match between Bedford and Haileybury after a Bedford player (in dark jersey) has been tackled. The game was played on the Bedford ground and won by the home team by 15 points to 5. In the background is the science building recently opened by the Prince of Wales

Photograph by Shaw Wildman

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Cars with a Personality

The Humber "Vogue" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

The lines of this Humber "Vogue" saloon are unusual and distinctive. A specially interesting feature is the long, curved window, uninterrupted even by a door-pillar

The great width of the door is an asset when getting in or out. The backs of the front seats hinge forward, giving access to the back seat

The luggage-trunk, although it adds to the car's appearance, is by no means purely ornamental. It is of substantial size, and comfortably takes several suit-cases

The driving position is admirably comfortable. The hand-brake position is novel, but none the less handy. A good feature is the adjustable sun-visor, hinged above the windscreen

In reviewing a car of the ordinary type, it is generally best, I find, to regard it as a single unit—not taking much account of the academic distinction between chassis and coachwork features. In attempting to describe the Humber "Vogue" saloon, however, this method cannot well be followed. Of the 12-h.p. Humber chassis, one's opinions are clear and concise. Of the "Vogue" saloon body, they are somewhat indefinite.

The "lines" of this new saloon model, for instance, are undeniably striking. Some motorists will admire them whole-heartedly; others, I suspect, will not.

In regard to comfort, there is likewise room for two schools of thought. The two front seats are as comfortable as they well can be, and the driving position has been admirably thought out. The back seat, on the other hand, has been somewhat constricted by the ambitious coachbuilder. There is adequate space for two small passengers, but no real provision is made for those of six-foot stature. As if in compensation, luggage accommodation is well planned and ample.

It is when one turns to the chassis that criticism is at once defied. In at least one respect, the 12-h.p. engine must be considered quite amazing. It is a side-valve, four-cylinder unit—in other words, an engine, basically, of very ordinary design. Its behaviour, however, is that of a most luxurious "six." Even the horse-power is thoroughly deceptive. I myself, if I had not known otherwise, would certainly have guessed it at about 15.

Not only does the engine, on first acquaintance, give a six-cylinder 15-h.p. impression; its performance on the open road consistently bears out this illusion. The top speed is about 65 m.p.h., and, by a speedometer which struck me as admirably truthful, a good 45 m.p.h. is available in third gear. Best of all, the car will cruise at 50 to 60 m.p.h. without any suggestion of being driven unreasonably fast.

The gear-box is no less excellent. A free-wheel is fitted, no doubt largely with a view to simplifying gear-changing—but, in fact, there seems little need for simplification. For some time I drove without the aid of the free-wheel, and, without being specially careful, found all gears easy in the extreme.

The steering is light and pleasant, and the car, well sprung, holds the road well under all conditions. The brakes are powerful, but entirely free from a former tendency towards abruptness. The present type of servo mechanism gives ample efficiency, but permits of a perfectly progressive braking action.

The car as a whole, for those to whom the special coachwork appeals, is an attractive proposition. It is priced a little higher than other Humber models of the same power, but is not expensive at £335.

Scaioni

A jewel by William Ogden
is the hall mark of distinction

HIS IMPORTANT COLLECTION IS ON PRIVATE VIEW AT 4 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S

"George, Junior," the Perfect Pilot: By Capt. C. E. Ward

The 'Plane that Flew by Itself

DURING the last few months, Mr. Philip Bailey, of Croydon, has covered 5000 miles in a Puss Moth fitted with a new type of automatic pilot. This has been in the nature of a final test of apparatus invented by Mr. J. Pollock-Brown, and developed over a period of two years. Robot pilots—known in the Service under the generic title of "George," which is simpler than "pilot's assister"—have been used for many long-distance flights, notably that to South-West Africa non-stop, by the R.A.F., using the Fairey Napier monoplane, and by Wiley Post in his last flight round the top of the world in a week. "George's" weight has been considerable, and therefore his use has been limited to relatively heavy machines. Mr. Brown's model is light enough for a small machine, weighing only 30 lb., to give automatic control in every direction, and another important point is that its cost will be about half that of any previous type. The inventor has proved that nothing can go wrong with his apparatus, which will be sold in a sealed box, and inspected at intervals of three months. On test, it has been brought into action when the Puss has been only a few feet from the ground after taking off; the rate of climb, level flight, and the descent being controlled by the throttle. Distances up to 150 miles have been flown in all kinds of weather, with "George, Junior" in control, keeping a perfect course.

There's War in the Air

LORD ROTHERMERE wields a weighty pen in favour of more aeroplanes—he wants 5000, so that Great Britain shall again become top nation, as she was at the end of the last war. He 's excited the R.A.F., and annoyed the Navy no end. The former will be promoted en masse to make room for the 3566 pilots and numerous other personnel required to man and boy Cranwell and Halton. I should explain that we possess already 1434 aeroplanes, hence 3566 new ones must be ordered. In Naval circles, meanwhile, there are no illusions, or should be none after recent trials over here and in the States, about the future of the big battleship or cruiser, which lies precisely at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Five millions sterling, the cost of one bulwark to defend Old England, will buy one thousand fighting 'planes, the pilot of any one of which could disable a battleship with a well-directed bomb or torpedo. Germany, having declared for peace, has ordered a large number of new aircraft, ostensibly for air-line work; France, whose Air Force is the largest, is building 60 of the latest fighters; Switzerland, getting nervous about the neutrality of its Alps in the event of another scrap, has budgetted for 80 defence 'planes, and even little Portugal wants high-speed interceptors. In this case they are Rolls-Royce "Furies," which is good for trade.

Wings over the water. The latest Vickers Supermarine for overseas patrol. Named the "Scapa," this flying-boat is engined by Rolls-Royce and is being built in quantity for the R.A.F. at the same factory which turned out our Schneider Trophy racers

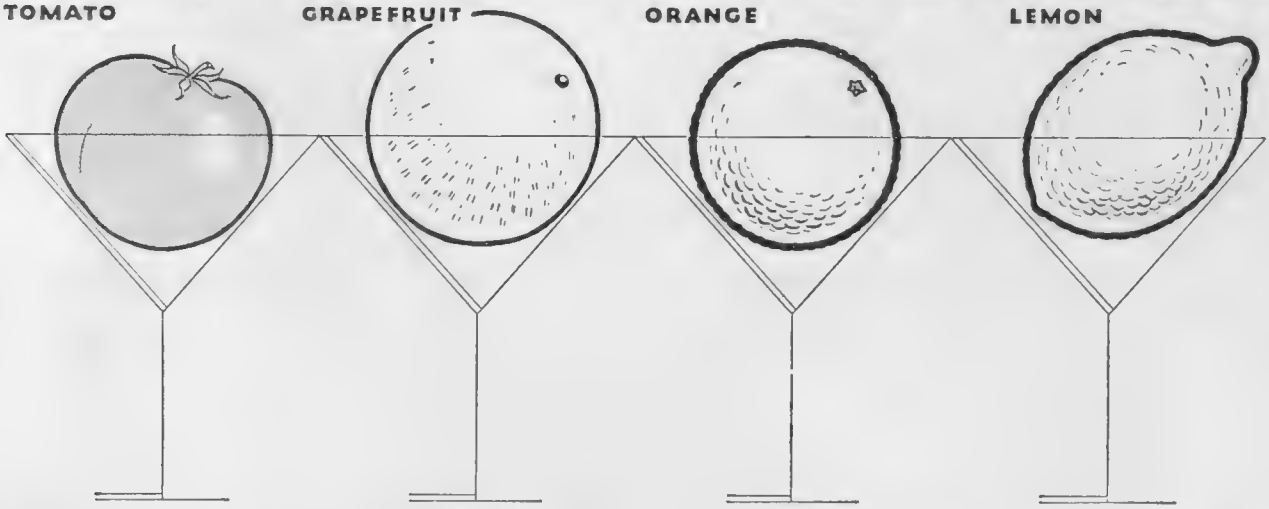
When is Low Flying Safe?

THERE has been much talk and correspondence in the Press lately about low

(Continued on page vi)

KIA·ORA cocktails

TOMATO GRAPEFRUIT ORANGE LEMON



MIXED FRUIT COCKTAIL

With some pineapple and apple, sliced, and white grapes halved and the stones removed, mix some Kia-Ora Orange and Lemon Cocktail to taste, ice thoroughly to blend the different flavours and serve in a low glass, or dish, surrounded with ice if possible.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

Put one lump of sugar into a wine-glass and soak it with Angostura Bitters. Add a few drops of Kia-Ora Lemon Cocktail or Squash and a piece of ice and fill up the glass with iced Champagne. Stir and add a few more drops of Kia-Ora Lemon. A bottle of Champagne will make eight cocktails.

Delicious, appetising cocktails, made from selected ripe fruits. Already sweetened, forming a perfect non-alcoholic cocktail without any addition. Equally successful as a base for alcoholic cocktails—with the single exception of Tomato. Kia-Ora Cocktails are sold in attractive bottles by grocers and off-licence dealers everywhere. Four different varieties – 2/6d. a bottle, 1/6d. a half-bottle. KIA-ORA LTD., BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E. 1.

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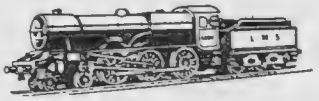

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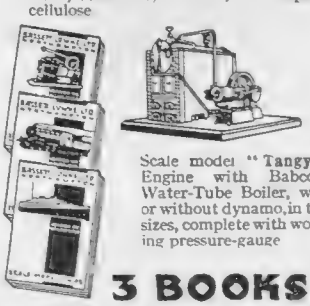

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BASSETT-LOWKE, LTD.
NORTHAMPTON

"George, Junior": the Perfect Pilot

(Continued from page iv)

flying and the danger thereof. At times, a machine must fly low, when forced down by the cloud-level or during bad visibility in heavy rain or snow. There is no special danger in such flying, unless the pilot has to make an emergency landing at short notice, and then the danger concerns the pilot and any passengers he may have with him, not people on the ground, because machines are not flown at a low altitude over the centre of towns. When gliding in to land, and when taking off from an aerodrome, any aeroplane of the normal type must be at a low altitude for a short time, facts which the correspondent to the lay Press ignores. It was certainly the irony of fate that R. A. C. Brie, the Autogiro test pilot, should have been fined for loitering at a low height over the Kingston Bypass. He was practising for a display to be held near-by, and flying the only machine that can manœuvre safely at slow speeds low down. Fortunately, the Royal Aero Club took up the case, and an appeal was allowed, with costs. I seem to remember that Kingston at one time laid traps for motorists. Pilots, please note that numbers can be taken in the air, but speed is no offence, and, in fact, the faster the machine the less likelihood there is that the number can be read. The sort of flying which is dangerous and should be regarded as an offence against the community is stunting at a low height over crowds or houses.

The Klemm Flies the British Flag

As long ago as 1924, the Klemm, a German low-wing monoplane, with an engine of no more than 20-h.p., was breaking records, making trans-Continental flights, crossing the Alps and generally behaving in a way that was considered most precocious. It became popular in England when introduced by Major E. F. Stephan, about five years ago, and as a private flyabout has had a large number of enthusiastic owners, including Lord Amherst, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Apsley, Sir John Carden, Sir Richard Powell, and, amongst the ladies, Mrs. Fairlie and Miss Nancy Bagge. A British company has been formed, under the chairmanship of Lord Willoughby de Broke, and with Mr. G. H. Handasyde in charge of the works, to manufacture the machine over here. The latter was one of the pioneers in this flying business, and will be remembered mostly for his share in the design and construction of "Martinsyde" aeroplanes, that were known with affection during the war, as "Tinsides." As it happened, this was a peculiarly appropriate name, for they were extremely sturdy, and absorbed or deflected a lot of lead, which made them difficult to shoot down. The "All-British" Klemm is being built at Hanworth, under Air Ministry regulations. Two models are in production, the "Swallow," with a Salmson or Pobjoy engine; and the "Eagle," with a Gipsy Major or a Javelin.

M. Flandin, President of the French Parliamentary Delegation, with General Spears at Croydon. The party arrived in one of the "Air France" liners that link the London and Paris airports in an hour and a half or thereabouts

Social Event

The College of Aeronautical Engineering held a most successful dinner and dance at Grosvenor House last week. Mr. C. H. Roberts, the Principal, gave some interesting facts about the growth of the College, which is of great value to the Aviation industry.

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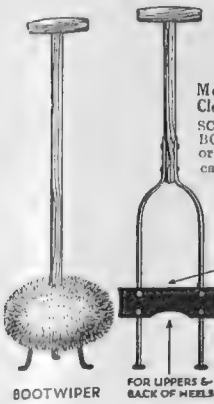

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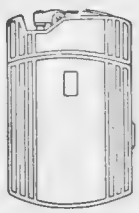

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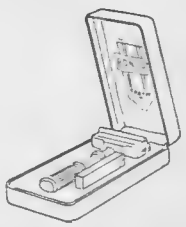

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The Editor's Box

Go West!

The Great Western Railway have just issued a most attractive booklet describing the various resorts and spas in the West Country. This booklet, which can be obtained free from any of the Great Western offices, has been specially written by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, and contains some pertinent and humorous remarks on the Englishman's attitude to his annual holiday. "The Englishman's inclination on holiday is to be as much as possible out of doors and so indulge his passion for physical activity," says Mr. Mais. This is a happy remark to make in a booklet written around the Great Western Railway, for where in England in winter is it possible to be so much out of doors as in the West Country? There are many people who, for various reasons, do not care to rent a country house for the winter, but in this part of the world there are plenty of comfortable hotels where one can spend a pleasant holiday or week-end. One of these is the Manor House Hotel on Dartmoor, under the management of the Great Western Railway, built in Jacobean style, and containing some fine oak-panelling There are hard tennis courts and a new 18-hole golf course connected with the hotel, so that one does not have to go far afield in search of sport and exercise. Other excellent hotels include the Palace Hotel at Torquay, the Bear Inn at Stroud, Gloucestershire, and the Manor House Hotel at Budock Vean in Cornwall; the last-named, though privately owned, has a 9-hole golf course.

What Do You Write With?

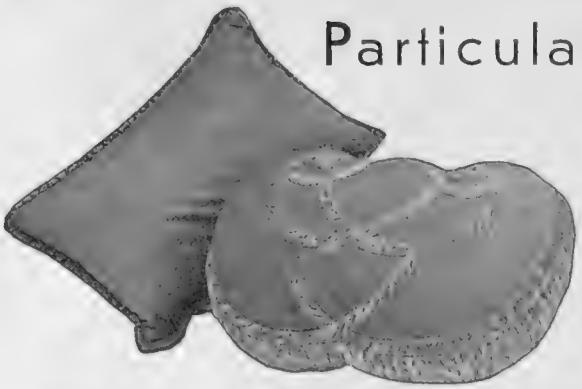
Whether the possession of good handwriting makes a successful career easier to come by is pleasantly debatable; the effect of a good pen on any kind of handwriting admits of no argument. With the right nib, everyone writes better, whatever their style may be. It is claimed for the "Silver Wonder" that it is the smoothest writer in the world. People whose styles of writing are as different as they can possibly be, find in this nib the one that enables them to get the best results with the least effort. There are, of course, exceptional cases where other nibs are preferred, but these can all be found in the famous range to which the "Silver Wonder" belongs. A trial sample can be obtained from the makers, Perry and Co., Ltd., the Century-Old Pen-makers, Old Bailey, London.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(Continued from page 426)*

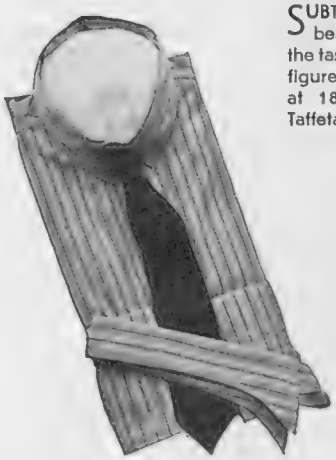
that Morrice has only one weakness, and that beyond his control: I am referring to his stature. I do not think that Morrice himself would claim such efficiency, but he is undoubtedly good—in fact, very good—and he has in his side, playing just below him, four or five men who are probably a little above University standard. This should give Oxford a very good chance when it comes to the match in March, although, no matter how successful they may be, the leading man cannot carry a team through to ultimate victory without assistance from the tail. There is no reason to suppose, however, that those who at the present moment are occupying the more lowly positions in the Oxford side are any worse than those occupying similar positions in the Cambridge team, so that, should the match have to be played to-morrow, I should think the odds would be on Oxford. Prognostication, however, is dangerous at any time and futile in this case, considering that the match is not due to be played for several months. It will be interesting to see how these young players develop and consolidate their game during the intervening time. These matches do a great deal to keep alive interest in the game; they also do a great deal of good to the participants, for they enable serious golf to be played at a time when serious golf would otherwise be non-existent.

THERE is one point about these matches which I think should be ventilated, if only in fairness to undergraduates who are representing their Universities. Whenever a startling reverse of form takes place and some tiger loses a match to one of these Blues or near-Blues, the excuse is always offered that the tiger is out of practice and that, in any case, he does not get the chance of playing nearly as much golf as his successful rival is enjoying at the moment. Now this is perfectly true in most cases, although not in all, but I cannot help feeling that it is very much an excuse. A tiger with a tiger's experience should be able to reproduce something like his normal form when the occasion demands it. If he cannot, then he does not deserve to be known as a tiger, unless he is defeated by fireworks: I do not think, therefore, that he has any grouse, for he is opposed to a man who has far less experience, and—a point frequently forgotten—who almost certainly has had to travel by car or train from either Oxford or Cambridge on the morning of the match. Now, as most of the University matches take place round and about London, on the courses owned by the clubs, it is obvious that the undergraduate has to compete not only with a very early rising and a long and possibly tiring journey (do not forget those fogs), but also with the disadvantage of not knowing the course on which he is called upon to meet his tiger nearly so well as does his opponent. Personally, I consider that the odds are about even, and I definitely do say that if an undergraduate does achieve a victory, full credit should be given to him and no excuses made for the man he has conquered.

Presents for the Particular

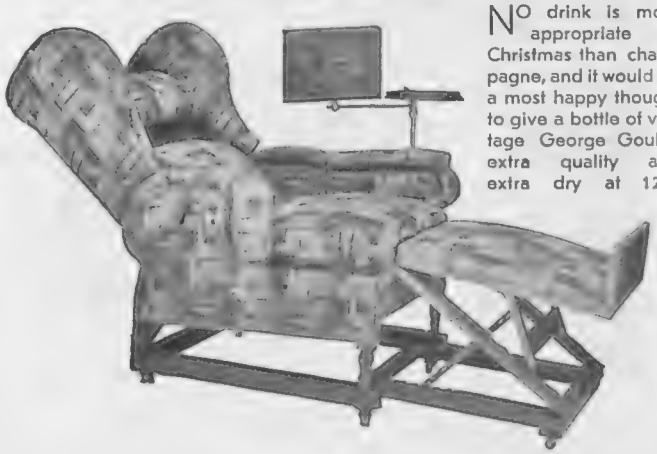


SUBTLE presents like these beautiful cushions compliment the taste of any woman. Celanese figured velvet makes the first at 18/11, and Celanese Super Taffeta the second, at 33/6



BUY for a man what he would buy for himself if he had the money. To one who has suffered from the second-best, the K. & P. shirt, price 18/6, would bring infinite pleasure

NO drink is more appropriate to Christmas than champagne, and it would be a most happy thought to give a bottle of vintage George Goulet, extra quality and extra dry at 12/6



NOTHING could give greater pleasure to an elderly or delicate person than one of Foot's Patent Adjustable Reclining chairs, specially designed for the rest and comfort of tired limbs and invalids

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2. and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. NOVEMBER 29, 1933
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demands the perfect kit

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Miss Sale-Barker wears our newest ski-ing outfit, a study in black and white. Plus-fours are right this year, very smart and very practical. We make them in heavy whipcord, navy, black and nigger—Also in grey flannel - - 3½ gns. The little jacket is waterproof and windproof with a shoulder specially designed for freedom. 3 gns.

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACROPOLIS.—Robert E. Sherwood's Grecian play, with a cast headed by Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CABBAGES AND KINGS.—Cyril Maude's cheerful humanity as the centre-piece of Forzano's gay and romantic comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DISTAFF SIDE.—Sybil Thorndike is the focal point in John van Druten's family portrait gallery; the talk, like the acting, is good and the story sufficiently interesting: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

HAY FEVER.—Constance Collier in the revival of Noel Coward's comedy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton as the King rather than the Man this time, with Flora Robson as Katherine of Arragon: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNAM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as a North London householder; Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's new comedy: Duchess Theatre, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE.—Too sweet for some palates, but Gillian Scaife acts well; Ernst Heimrath dances first: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP.—Basil Foster heads the cast in Frederick Witney's comedy: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

PROSCENIUM.—Ivor Novello acts in his own play all about actors and actresses in more or less private life, with Fay Compton, Zena Dare, and Joan Barry: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE.—At the Chiswick Empire, 7.45.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUNSHINE SISTERS.—The rather ugly duckling of the Novello trio of plays: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TUDOR WENCH.—The Virgin Queen from a new dramatic angle; Elizabeth as a Princess acted by Beatrix Lehmann with intelligence and imagination: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

AFTER DARK.—Nelson Keys, versatile and witty, in a revue of gaiety and speed; last week: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical-comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLERINA.—Frances Doble as Varsavina, the dancer who thinks all well lost for her art: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical-comedy that does just what you 'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish: if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT CLUB QUEEN.—Anthony Kimmins' Mrs. Meyrick-inspired comedy, with Edith Sharpe as the "queen": Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

TEN MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TERROR.—A revival of Edgar Wallace's thriller: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Kingsway, 8.40. Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.40.

First Nights

MAN PROPOSES.—Owen Nares, Dame May Whitty and Grizelda Harvey in W. Chetham-Strode's new play: Wyndham's, to-night.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An English cast, headed by Richard Bird and Bertha Ricardo, in an underworld American play with a long New York run behind it: Comedy, December 5th.

OPERA

OPERA.—A varied programme, mostly of old favourites: Sadler's Wells, 8.0.

CINEMAS

BERKELEY SQUARE.—The play as filmed in an English studio and with an English cast makes quite good entertainment: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HEROES FOR SALE.—With Richard Barthelmess as the star: Prince Edward Theatre.

I SPY.—With Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon; also Kay Francis in "Mary Stevens, M.D.": Regal, from November 30th.

LA MATERNELLE.—Madeleine Renaud and some more amazingly good child-actors in an interesting French film: Academy.

MY WEAKNESS.—Lilian Harvey, more modern than Ruritanian this time, with Lew Ayres: New Gallery.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY.—Lionel Barrymore's new film, first shown in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children: Coliseum, November 30th.

POIL DE CAROTTE.—Robert Lynen, the French child-actor, gives a pathetically moving and extraordinarily naturalistic performance: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

RED WAGON.—Royal Gala Première in aid of Toc H: Regal, December 6th.

SPIONE AM WERK.—Brigitte Helm in a German spy story, directed by Gerhard Lamprecht: Cinema House.

THE WANDERING JEW.—An English film version of Temple Thurston's famous story; Conrad Veidt plays the Jew: Tivoli.

THE WAY TO LOVE.—Maurice Chevalier, full of S.A. as ever, shows the way: Carlton.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Arnold Schonburg conducting the first performance of his arrangement of Handel's Concerto Grosso, with the Kolisch quartet; Adrian Boult conducts Schubert Fifth and Bruckner Ninth Symphonies: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts Dvorak's Stabat Mater: Queen's Hall, November 30th, 8.15.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Haydn's Ninth and Elgar's First Symphonies, and some Berlioz, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty: Queen's Hall, December 4th, 8.15.

Recitals

MYRA HESS AND JELLY D'ARANYI.—Beethoven and Mozart Sonatas: Queen's Hall, December 2nd, 3.

HOFFMAN.—Second recital: Æolian Hall, November 30th, 8.30.

ORLOFF.—Third Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, December 2nd, 3.

SCHNABEL.—Second recital: Wigmore Hall, December 5th, 8.30.

RICHARD TAUBER: Albert Hall, December 3rd, 3.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Reda Caire entertains; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Besides Douglas Byng singing new and old favourites, Revva Reyes has come from Paris to perform; Billy Gerhardi's band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Richard and Carry entertain, and Van Straten's band plays the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" (New York Midnight Follies) keep on collecting new adorers; Jack Jackson's band.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Jeanne Aubert sings; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY HOTEL.—Wilfred Worden, the fifteen-year-old genius, plays the piano, Bert Weston talks amusing nonsense, and the Naldi Trio dance: extension night, Friday.

In the Ballrooms

TEN BOB DANCE.—In aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic: Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, December 6th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

EAST LONDON GROUP.—Lefevre Galleries, 1a, King Street, St. James's.

THE LONDON GROUP: New Burlington Galleries, to December 1st.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, from November 27th.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION.—Royal Horticultural Hall.

CINEMATOGRAPH EXHIBITION.—Home and industrial ciné equipment, studios, lectures, and demonstrations: Dorland Hall.

CARNATION SHOW: Horticultural Hall, November 30th—December 1st.

SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW: Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. December 4th—8th.

SPORT

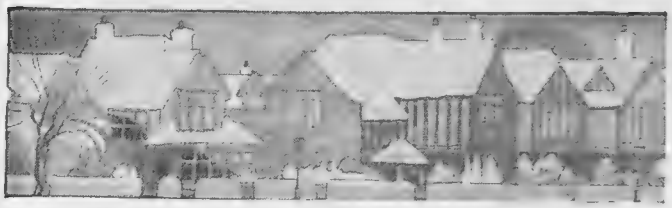
SOCCER.—England v. France: Tottenham, December 6th.

ICE HOCKEY.—Ottawa Shamrocks v. England: Hammersmith, December 4th.

SQUASH RACKETS.—Amateur Championship: Bath Club, December 1st—11th.

FENCING.—Miller Hallett International Epée Cup: Bertrand's, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, December 2nd, 2.30.

BOXING.—Amateur Boxing Tournament in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital: Albert Hall, December 4th.



CHRISTMAS KINDNESS

Giving Help Where Help is Needed

PRESENT-GIVING is of many and various kinds: there are the presents we give to people because we like them, the presents we give to people because we are related to them, the presents we give to people because of the presents they have given to us—and possibly also one or two presents given for motives about which the less said the better. Then there is a further category—the presents we give to people we don't know by name, and only in a very general way by sight, and from whom we expect nothing tangible in return. Charity may begin at home, but there 's no getting away from the fact that it cannot end there. In the following paragraphs are suggested some of the ways in which the obligations of kindness may be met. And when you are getting out your cheque book it is worth remembering that the generous actions are among the few in life that you can be pretty sure of never regretting afterwards.

Let us start with the children—not because others need less help than they, but because Christmas is, above all else, a children's festival, and also because it is with the children that the future lies.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes were founded sixty-seven years ago, and since that time 114,102 children have passed through them, while at the present moment alone 8,507 are being cared for. On an average, five children, most of them infants, are admitted daily and, being admitted, are assured once and for all of proper attention and a decent start in life.

Christmas is the great landmark in the children's year, and they start looking forward to it eagerly when it is still months ahead. Any subscription that you are able to send, therefore, will do something towards transforming that anticipation into fulfilment. It will be particularly appreciated, moreover, because winter is also a time that calls for stronger boots, thicker clothing, and more blankets, and these requirements make heavy inroads on the available resources of the organisation. The address for parcels and cheques is 462, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques should be made payable to " Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed " Barclays Bank, Ltd., a/c Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

THEN there is the **Waifs and Strays Society.** Their problem is rather the same—4500 children so completely confident of Father Christmas's personal interest in them that it would be unthinkable to have to disappoint them. Visions of toys and crackers and plum-puddings and mince-pies are already before their eyes. And yet the Society's income imposes a policy of rigid economy, which means sacrificing everything but the barest necessities. There is so much that needs doing, so many individual cases of suffering and hardship that demand immediate relief, for the work of the Society is by no means confined to those who are already sheltered within its doors. Yet the claims of Christmas cannot be entirely denied, for it is a time at which all children have a right to happiness, and those who have been the victims of misfortune most of all. That is why a special appeal is being made to your generosity just now. Any donation, however small, will be very gratefully received by the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

THE work undertaken by the **National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children** calls for infinite patience, infinite tact, and the assurance of unfailing public support. It has earned the gratitude of some 4,000,000 children up to date, and although the treatment of children in England has shown improvement in recent years, there are still, alas, many young victims of parental viciousness, neglect, and ignorance. The Society aims, whenever possible, at securing better conditions for those whom it is trying to help by persuasion rather than by prosecution. Legal action is only taken as a last resort when other means have failed, and the untiring efforts that this principle of forbearance involves cannot but be deeply appreciated by all who care for children and who know something of the ills that follow in the wake of cruelty, no matter whether it be intentional or accidental. The treasurer of the Society is Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., and the address is Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

THE **Church Army** is appealing for subscriptions to their Christmas Hamper Fund. Every year they provide Christmas cheer for many poor families who would otherwise know this season, not as a happy one, but as a time of particular hardship. They arrange treats and parties that bring infinite pleasure into the lives of those who dwell in the shadow of poverty, and infuse a new spirit of hope in the

Mr.
J. B. Priestley
writes :

"In response to your Urgent Appeal for funds, I enclose a cheque for £25. I am certain that when people realise that the Cancer Hospital is in such constant need of money, to carry on its great work both as a FREE Hospital and as a centre of Research into the origins of this terrible disease, they will Instantly come to your support, and your £40,000 overdraft will vanish like magic. We cannot afford to let you work in the shadow of this enormous financial deficit. Your Hospital, day and night by every possible means, is fighting Cancer, and it is unthinkable that we should not come to your assistance and GIVE SOMETHING AT ONCE."

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

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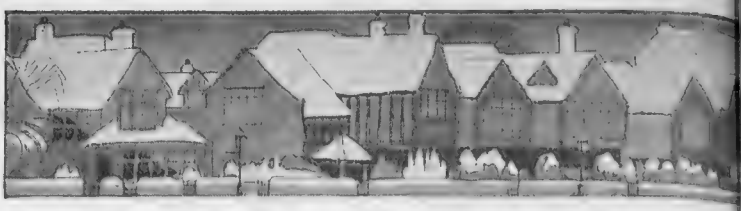


CHRISTMAS KINDNESS *(Continued)*

hearts of those who have all too little to encourage them in the hard battles they have to fight during the rest of the year. Ten families can be provided with Christmas food for £5, and each 10s. parcel contains sufficient to last a family of five or six over the Christmas festival. Do remember this when you are doing your own Christmas shopping, and send any donation you can spare to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

SCIENCE has achieved more for health in recent years than ever before, but cancer remains, a grim and malignant enemy stalking in our midst. By helping those of its victims who are patients at the **Cancer Hospital**, you would not only be performing the primary good office of giving help where help is needed, but also contributing something towards the ultimate conquest of the disease. Poor patients are admitted free of charge and are given the most skilled attention ; all the most up-to-date appliances are available ; and there are even a certain number of beds reserved specially for advanced cases for whom there is no hope, but whose last days may be made comfortable and painless. In addition, research work is being unremittingly pursued in the laboratories. At present the Hospital is burdened with a bank overdraft of £40,000, so you may be quite sure that any subscription you send will be fully appreciated. The address is The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, and cheques should be crossed "Coutts and Co."

THEN there is the **Imperial Cancer Research Fund**, which maintains two laboratories and a permanent staff of highly skilled investigators carrying out work that is of the greatest practical importance in combating the disease. The financial demands made by scientific research are necessarily high, and the treasurers of the fund earnestly hope that they will continue to receive the same generous support as in the past. The goal is still far off, but it is essential for the future of humanity that it should eventually be reached, and at this point there can be no turning back. Donations should be sent either to

THESE FIRST *Please!*

10/-
WILL FEED FIVE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

THE SECRETARY (E13), KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

466 *Beds* 5,937 *In Patients*

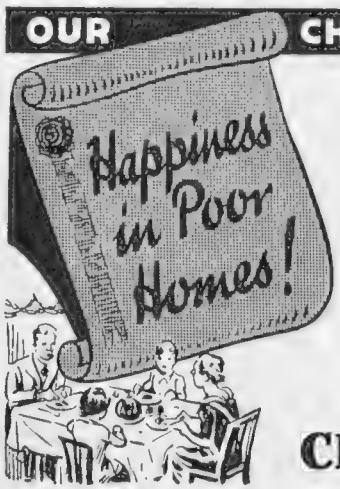
ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

325,776 *Out-Patient Attendances*

HOLLOWAY *Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary.* LONDON.N.7.

More Sickness—Less Money—Needs really urgent

OUR CHRISTMAS POLICY



CHRISTMAS will be a happy, joyous time for thousands of needy families and lonely old folk through the Church Army's Parcels of good fare.

£5 will provide for TEN POOR FAMILIES

10/- will pay for ONE such parcel

Kindly send your gift now to:—

Preb. CARLILE, C.H., D.D.
55, Bryanston St., London, W. 1.

CHURCH ARMY

8-11, Queen's Square, London, W.C.1, or to the Westminster Bank, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., a/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

NEXT, we would draw attention to the **Royal Northern Hospital**, Holloway. This hospital serves a very large area—approximately seventy square miles—inhabited almost entirely by poor people. Revenue from local sources, therefore, though it proves the generosity of the poor towards one another, is far from large, and there is such a shortage of funds that the possibility of having to close down wards is never wholly absent. The hospital has a long and splendid record of service, and it would be a thousand pities if any of its activities, so vital to that part of London, had to be curtailed. Those who have the good fortune to live in one of the more prosperous parts of London sometimes do not appreciate the conditions prevailing perhaps not more than a mile or so away from their own doors. If they did, there can be no doubt that the Royal Northern Hospital would be financially in a less precarious position. Any help you are able to give will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

THE **British Sailors' Society** are preparing for their 116th Christmas. All over the world, the various branches of the Society will give Christmas hospitality to sailors away from home and to the widows and orphans of those who lost their lives in the service of the Empire. The Society performs a multitude of good works throughout the year; it maintains and trains the orphans of seafarers, and relieves seafarers in distress; it provides ocean libraries for ships, lighthouses, and lightships; it has organised employment bureaux for work afloat and ashore. These are merely a few examples of its scope, but they serve to show clearly enough that there is no cause more deserving of support. There are, moreover, 50,000 officers and men of the Merchant Service unemployed at the present time, and it is in order to help these that you are asked specially to include the British Sailors' Society in your list of charities this year. The Treasurer is Sir Ernest W. Glover, Bart., and the address, 680, Commercial Road, E.14.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—**HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.**
President—**HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.**
Chairman of the Executive Committee—**SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.**
Hon. Treasurer—**SIR HOLBURT WARING, C.B.E., P.R.C.S.**
Director—**DR. J. A. MURRAY, F.R.S.**

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly in the cause of suffering humanity. The number of recorded deaths from cancer has shown a regular increase for the past 80 years, and in research work alone lies the one hope of checking its malevolent power. Radium treatment has been proved effective in some cases, but its mode of action and limitations are still imperfectly understood. Cancer, when deep rooted, still presents a serious problem, and money is needed to maintain and equip the Fund with every scientific weapon available.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or may be paid to the Westminster Bank, Limited, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

IF you remember

the joys of your own childhood, particularly at Christmastide . . . will you enable some less fortunate little one to enjoy a happy home life, by helping

THE N.S.P.C.C.

The National Guardian of Ill-treated Children.

Kindly send a Christmas donation now to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Hon. Treasurer, or William J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2. (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

For 67 years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been rescuing the orphan and destitute children of the Nation, and in that time they have admitted over 114,000 needy little ones, their present family numbering over 8,500. But such a work is constantly in need of funds if their Charter, "No Destitute Child ever Refused Admission," is to be maintained.

Will You Send

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF 10/-

to help feed the children?

It will give you happiness. Try it!

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

PRINTERS' PENSION, ALMSHOUSE & ORPHAN ASYLUM CORPORATION

The objects are the granting of Pensions and maintaining Permanent Residences for Aged and Infirm Printers and Widows; also The Education and Maintenance of the Orphan Children of Printers.

Subscriptions or Donations will be gratefully received by

Mr. R. H. LUCAS, *Secretary*, 73-78, High Holborn, W.C.1.

What of HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER?

THE merchant seaman is deserving of your thoughts as Christmas approaches. Please help this 115-years-old Society to give a real British Christmas to merchant seamen at home and abroad, to lightshipmen and lighthouse keepers, and also arrange hospitality for seamen's widows, orphans and dependants. Gifts to Sir Ernest W. Glover, Bt., Hon. Treas., British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Rd., London, E.14.

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

(Gen. Sec., Mr. Herbert E. Barker)

By Appointment

Gift horses are looked in the mouth

If you get a gift of silver do you look for the Hall Mark? —*Or do you?!*

Give someone a suitcase—does he look to see if the name "Revelation" is on it?—*Or does he?!*

And if it isn't—will his thanks be 100%? . . . or fifty? . . . . . *or fifteen?!*

On your gift list this Christmas there must be several who will be thrilled to receive one of the many new and attractive Revelation models. Prices from as low as **13/6.**

● SOMETHING FOR A GENTLEMAN

A case in "Revelite"—lighter than leather, strong and tough too, handsomely produced in dignified brown. From **65/-.** *In leather from* **69/-.** *In Fibre* **13/6.**

● FOR A LADY

a charming gift is the "Revelation" soft-top case in grained fabric. Exceedingly light in weight, lined art. silk, with pockets. In blue, brown and black, it costs . . . . . . **20/-.**

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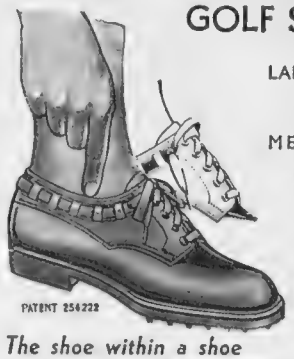

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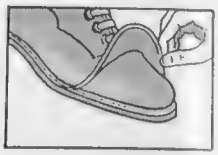

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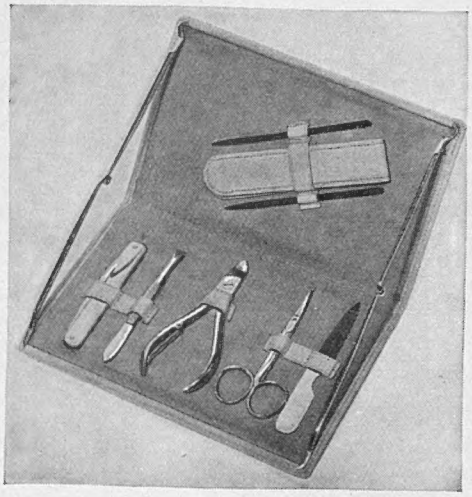

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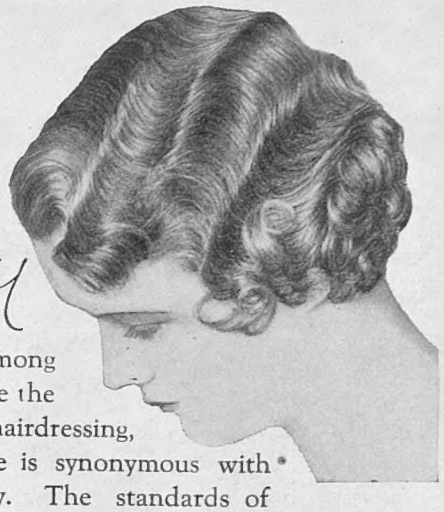

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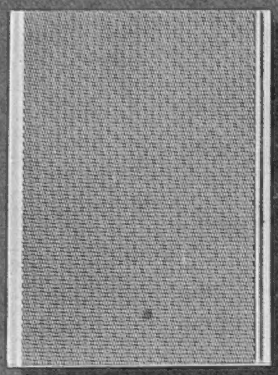
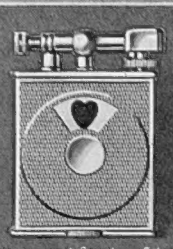


Sterling Silver engine-turned Cigarette Case, with slide action opening.

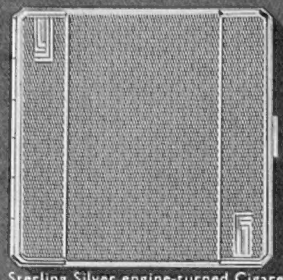
in 9 ct. Gold

3½ × 3½ ins. £2 10.0 3½ × 3¾ ins. £19. 5.0
3½ × 3¾ ins. £3. 0.0 3¾ × 3¾ ins. £22.15.0
4 × 3¾ ins. £4. 0.0 4¼ × 3¾ ins. £28.15.0
4½ × 3¾ ins. £4.10.0 4¼ × 3¾ ins. £31. 0.0



Engine-turned Sterling Silver mounted Pocket Lighter with trump indicator £2 . 15 . 0
Regent Plate mounted £1 . 1 . 0

Without trump indicator. Sterling Silver mounted £1 . 17 . 6
Regent Plate mounted 17 6



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3½ × 3¼ ins. £2. 0.0 3½ × 3¼ ins. £23. 0.0
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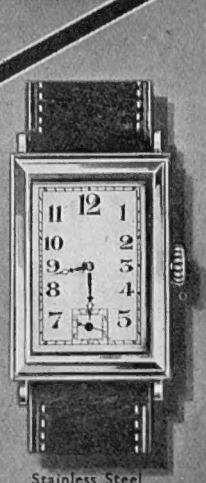
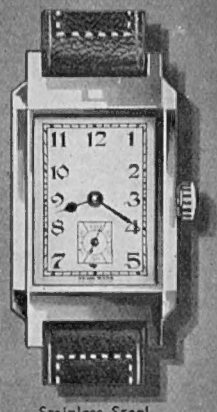
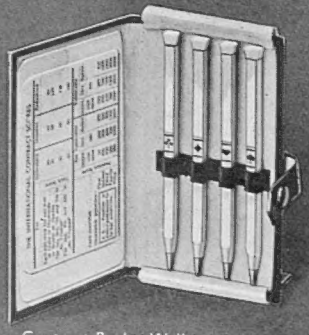
Sterling Silver Pencil with rubber eraser and compartment for reserve leads. Length 4½ ins.
15 -
9 ct. Gold
£3 . 10 . 0



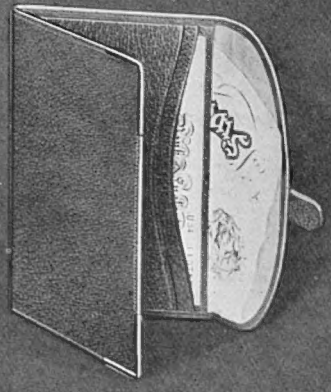
Stainless Steel
£5 . 0 . 0
9 ct. Gold
£10 . 0 . 0
18 ct. Gold
£15 . 0 . 0



Stainless Steel
£3 . 10 . 0



Contract Bridge Wallet, containing 4 silver and lacquer Pencils, Scorer and 4 washable cards. Various colours.
£1 . 6 . 6



Polished Pigskin Letter Case with two silver gilt mounts. £1 . 1 . 0
With 9 ct. Gold mounts.
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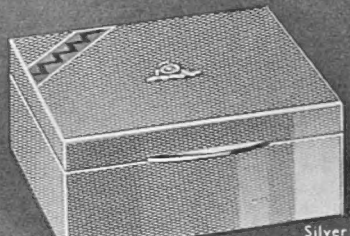

Sterling Silver engine-turned Cigarette Box, lined cedar, size 4½ · 3½ inches, mounted with Sterling Silver Badge and enamelled colours across corner £4 . 15 . 0
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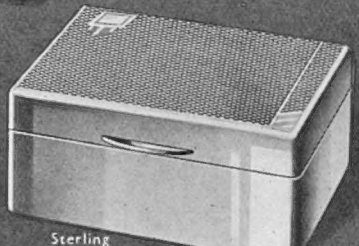

Sterling Silver Cigarette Box with engine-turned lid.

Length 3½ inches £1 . 10 . 0
" 4½ " £2 . 0 . 0
" 5½ " £2 . 15 . 0
" 6½ " £3 . 5 . 0

Sterling Silver mounted engine-turned Waterman Fountain Pen, self-filling, with clip for pocket and with screw-out rigid point
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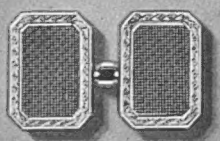

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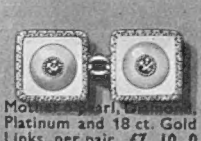

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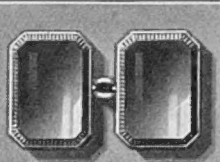
4 Buttons £7 . 10 . 0
2 Studs £2 . 15 . 0



18 ct. Gold and Enamel Links, per pair
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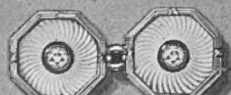
4 Buttons
£5 . 0 . 0
2 Studs
£2 . 10 . 0



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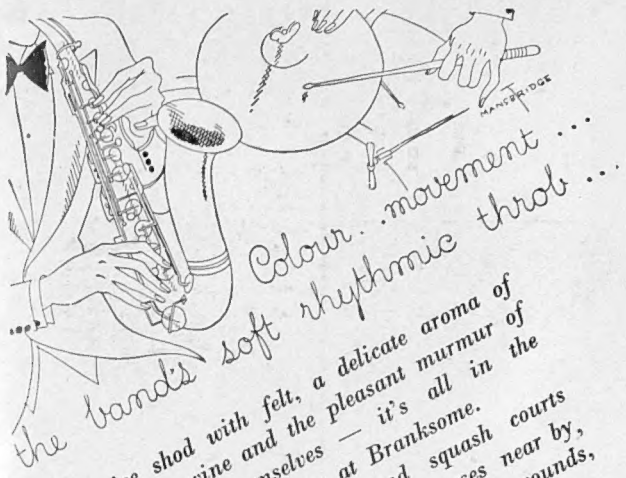

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